The Bystander, May 21, 1913.—No. 494. Vol. XXXVIII.

Politics, Society, & the Drama.

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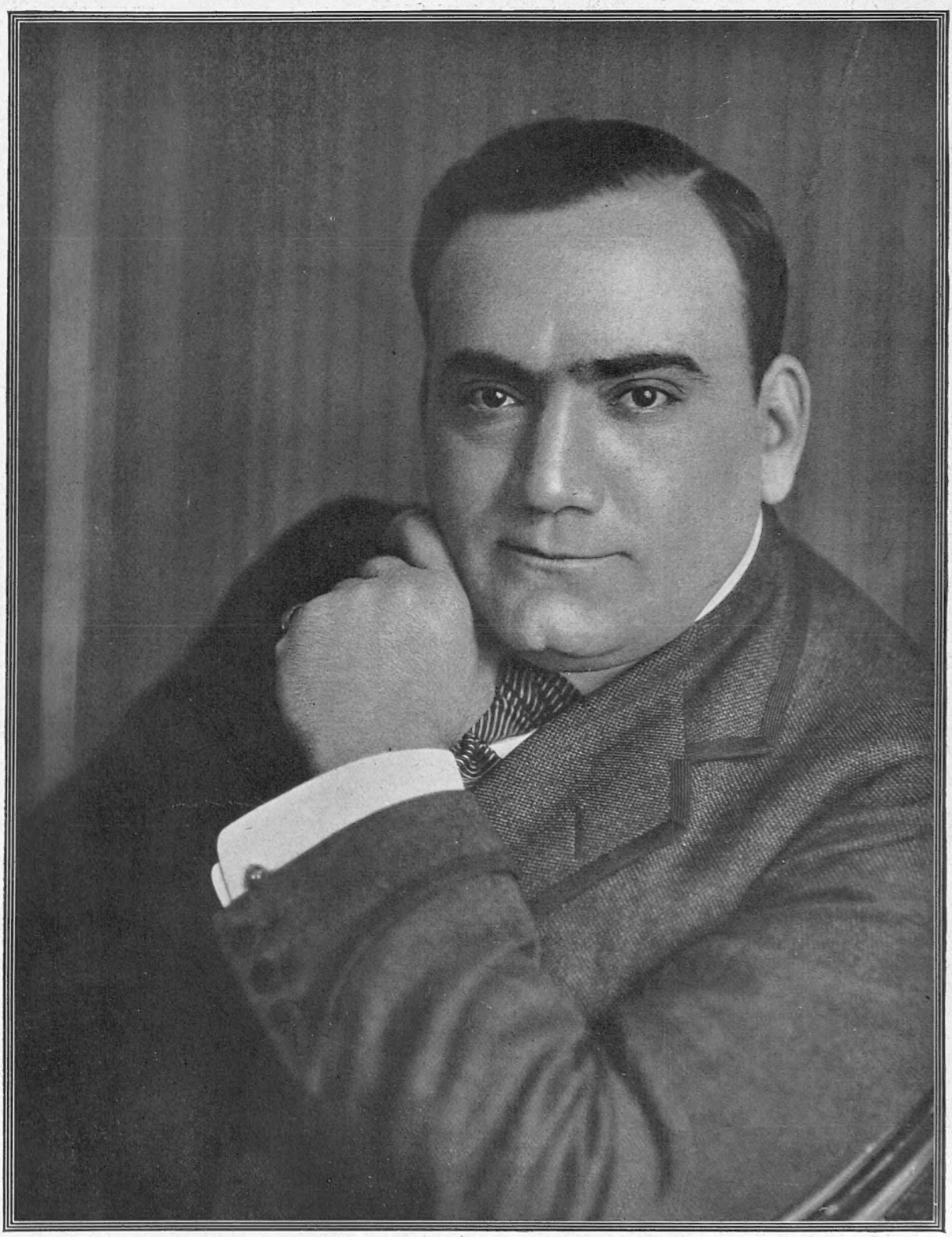
The BYSTANDER



Camera Portrait — *E. O. Hoppé*

WILL HE SUCCEED? SIGNOR CARUSO

Who, after an absence from London Opera of several years, is returning to Covent Garden to try and prove to us that an Italian voice is no bad substitute for a Russian Ballet. Will he succeed?

BYSTANDER COMMENTS

ON VARIOUS TOPICS

OF THE TIMES

"The World's mine oyster
Which I with PEN will open"
—Pistol *(modified)*

A Bad Habit

If diplomacy has any idea of seriously reforming itself so as one day to become of some real moral service to the nations, it should start by curing itself of bad habits that are easily curable. Among these is the regrettable one of lying—unnecessary lying, I mean, of course.

* * *

Why Prevaricate?

To take an immediate case in point. Lord Morley is in Berlin, and it is officially denied that he is there with any political purpose. Merely taking a private holiday, just as was Lord Haldane on his way to that famous ski-ing tour in the Black Forest. Now, the Foreign Office knows perfectly well that the public knows perfectly well that Lord Morley, who is seventy-four, wouldn't choose Berlin, at the time of an Imperial wedding at which his Sovereign and the Tsar are guests, as the place of a private holiday. Why, therefore, issue these mendacious statements?

* * *

The Truth

Everybody knows what is the truth—that there *is* serious political business to be done between the three monarchs, and that "advantage will be taken of the presence of Lord Morley in Berlin to arrange discussions on behalf of the British Cabinet." Why not say so? Lying is all very well when it succeeds. When it doesn't, it is not only wicked but worse—it is stupid.

* * *

Bombs of the Week

Probably at no time in memory have the public gone about, or stayed at home, in greater danger than at present. Each day brings its tale of "outragette": churches and houses burned, bombs discovered in public buildings and in trains. Yet never was a public less interested. The church burned wasn't one's own church; the house destroyed was somebody else's; the bomb was at the National Gallery, and one doesn't go to the National Gallery. If the intention of the Militants is to frighten the public *as* the public they fail. As a public, we are utterly uninterested. If our house or our church is burned out, or our children are kidnapped, we individually shall become exceedingly annoyed and grieved, and we shall swear eternal enmity to the cause of Woman Suffrage, right or wrong. But if it is anybody else's, we remain of the same opinion, which is either in favour of or against the principle. To what end, then, these outragettes?

* * *

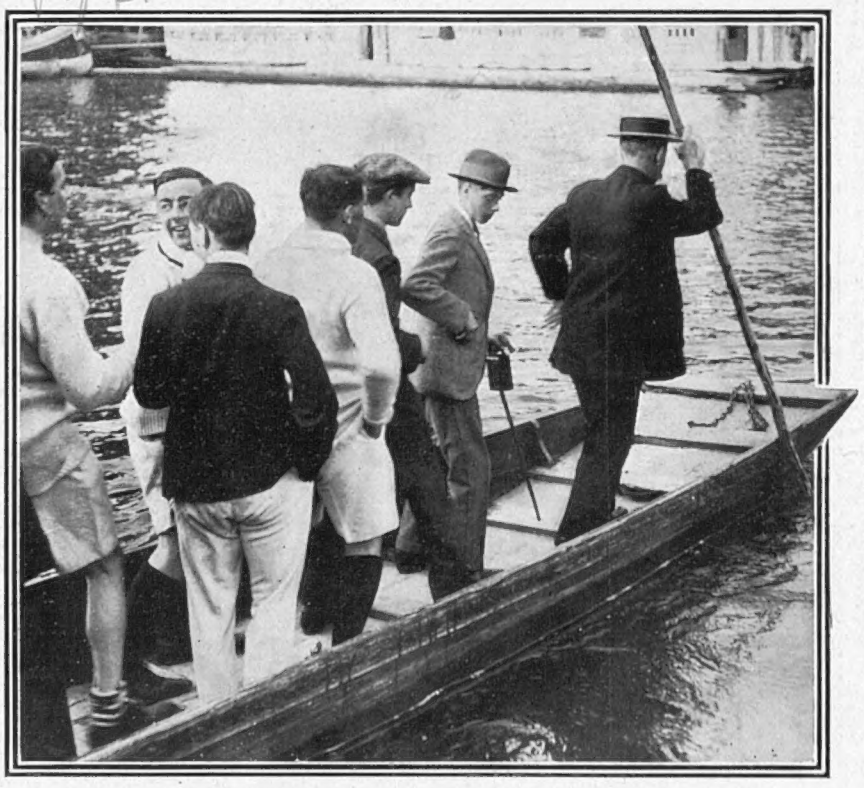
Lady Selborne Emphatic

Far more impressive, it seems to me, is the letter in which Lady Selborne declines to take part in the demonstration against the Welsh Disestablishment Bill: "Either," she says in effect, "we women have interests and rights in public measures or we have not. If we have, give us the vote. If we have not, a fig for your demonstrations! They are no affair of ours."

* * *

Beware!

An Aberdeen lady writes to complain that the Paris Number was placed in the hands of her baby girl, and that the ink sucked from some of the



H.R.H., WITH STICK AND CAMERA

The Prince of Wales crossing the ferry to Magdalen Barge, after conscientiously running along the towpath and cheering his crew during the races

The Right Man in the Right Place

MR. ASQUITH *(rigged up for the part)*: "But would the Powers approve of me as King of Albania?"
WINSTON: "Why, England would just jump at it . . . and there's always me to look after England"

BY E. T. REED

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A CENTURY OF FAMOUS ACTRESSES By H. Simpson and Mrs. C. Braun, (Mills and Boon: 10s. 6d. net.)
THE SHADOW OF SALVADOR. By John Haslette. (Ouseley: 6s.)
LOP-EARED DICK. By G. F. Monckton. (Ouseley: 6s.)
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THE WHITE WATERFALL. By J. F. Dwyer. (Cassell: 6s.)
MEANS TO AN END. By D'Arcy Martin. (Long: 6s.)
HOBSON'S CHOICE. By G. G. Chatterton. (Long: 6s.)
LOVE O' THE SKIES. By Ignatius Phayre. (Duckworth: 6s.)
SOMETHING NEW. By Helen C. Roberts. (Duckworth: 6s.)
OPEN SESAME. By B. P. Neuman. (Murray: 6s.)
LONECRAFT. By J. Hargrave. (Constable: 1s. net.)
THE ICKNIELD WAY. By E. Thomas. (Constable: 7s. 6d. net.)
CONSIDER THIS MAN. By Vincent Brown. (Chapman and Hall: 6s.)
A FRIENDLY GERMANY: WHY NOT? By Lady Phillips. (Constable: 2s. 6d. net.)
THE VERY LITTLE PERSON. By Mary H. Vorse. (Constable: 1s. net.)
THE MUSINGS OF A CITY CLERK. By "Cabot." (Heath, Cranton, Ousley: 3s. 6d. net.)
CHESTNUTS, HOT AND COLD. By Percy Ll. Naish. (Heath, Cranton, Ousley.)
LINKED LIVES. By D. K. Roy. (Heath, Cranton, Ouseley.)
HIGH PHEASANTS IN THEORY AND IN PRACTICE. By Sir Ralph Payne Gallwey, Bt. (Longmans: 4s. 6d. net.)
RALPH RAYMOND. By Ernest Mansfield. (Paul: 6s.)
THE PERFIDIOUS MARRIAGE AND OTHER PLAYS. By L. Henslowe. (Paul: 1s. 6d. net.)
EVERY MAN HIS OWN BUILDER. By G. Gordon Samson. (Crosby, Lockwood: 5s. net.)
THE GAY REBELLION. By R. W. Chambers. (Appleton: 6s.)
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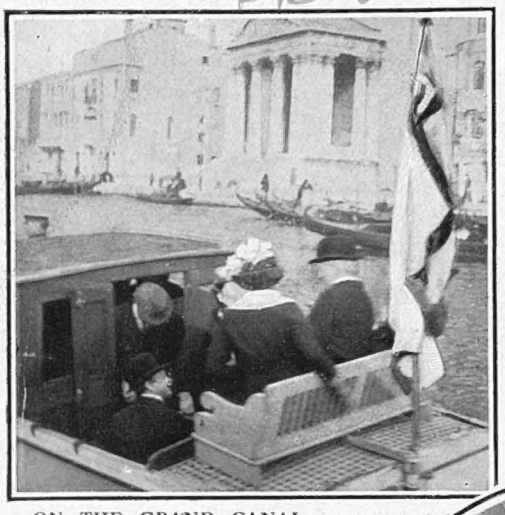
BYSTANDER COMMENTS (*continued*)

What Doing and at Whose Expense?

pictures proved injurious to the little one's inside. Would we in future avoid publishing pictures which are likely to have this effect? I am sure we will do everything possible. But I had been given to understand from other letters received from parents in Scotland and the provinces that fifteen was the age to which producers of literature and art were expected to adapt their works. This lowering of it is a trifle sudden.



ON THE GRAND CANAL

Mr. Asquith and Mr. Winston Churchill on board a motor launch on their way to the "Enchantress." It will be noticed that for once Mr. Churchill has taken the lower seat

***

Strictly on Business

I trust that Mr. Asquith and Mr. Churchill are enjoying a pleasant cruise in the Mediterranean on board the Admiralty yacht *Enchantress*. I hope the word "pleasant" will not be misconstrued. Far be it from me to suggest that anything but stern business would induce "Winston" to employ the services of a Government vessel—as someone scandalously suggested about his trip to the Riviera. I hasten to add that the Prime Minister and the First Lord of the Admiralty are taking this cruise solely (as announced in the papers) to inspect the fortifications of Malta. So, too, of course, are Mrs. Asquith, Miss Asquith, and Mrs. "Winston," who accompany them, and whose remarks on the subject will, no doubt, be embodied in the report to be drawn up when the party returns next week.

***

The Anti-Patriotic Pose

Saturday, though Mr. Asquith and Colonel Seely were so unwilling to know anything about it, is Empire Day. I confess I have forgotten the date myself before now—but, then, I am a comparatively free agent, and not a Minister of the Crown. For the Prime Minister and the War Minister to be so ostentatiously ignorant about it for the benefit of their "Little-England" followers was a piece of playing to the gallery that is really rather unnecessary. We all know what we think privately about Lord Meath's harmless little obsession, but in the presence of the Byleses and other Little England contango stock, we ought at least to appear to know the date of—what do they call it? ah! yes—Empire Day.

THE PREMIER

Awaits his launch on the landing stage for the railway station at Venice

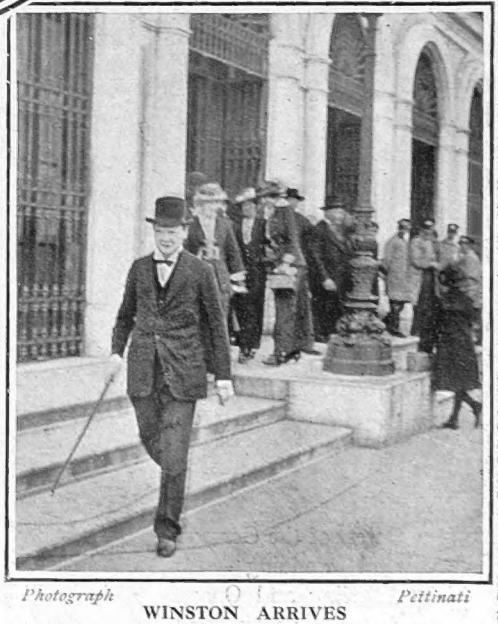
"Auto." Biography

There has been a good deal of talk, not altogether in a respectful strain, about the latest Royal "biography"—*i.e.*, the record of Mr. Stamper, late motor mechanic to King Edward, of His Majesty's demeanour in a motor, his favourite expression when anything went wrong, and so on. Personally, I can't say this sort of thing seems to me any less valuable or tactful a contribution to "literature" than most of the "biographies" of the moment. Nor is there any reason why the position occupied by Mr. Stamper should disqualify him for such authorship. The authors of some recent "royal biographies" seem to have performed, by their own account, far less honourable—in fact, one might have thought hardly mentionable—offices for the royalties whom they profess to chronicle.

***

N. and M.

The King and Queen will be prevented by their Berlin visit from opening the Naval and Military Tournament, which His Majesty is always very keen to encourage, and which will probably be a smarter function than usual this year. The Duke of

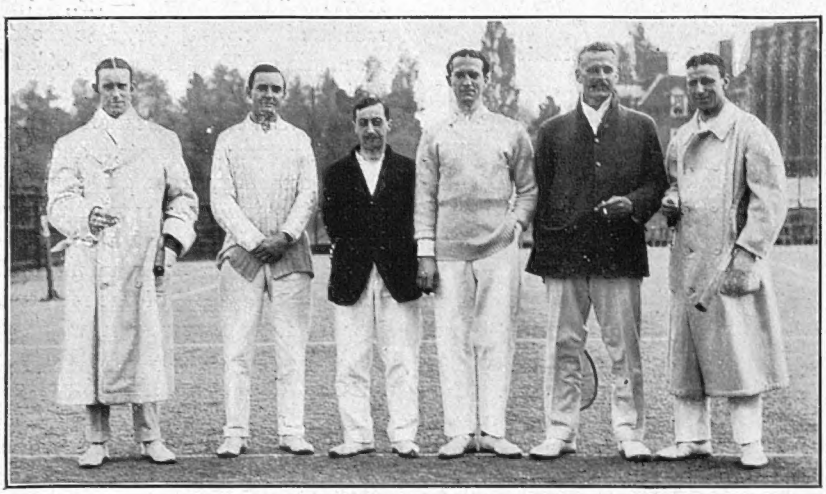


Photograph *Pettinati*

WINSTON ARRIVES

Mr. Winston Churchill arriving with his party in Venice

Oxford v. All-England at Lawn Tennis



THE ALL-ENGLAND TEAM

That beat Oxford on Saturday by five matches to four. Names (from left to right): Messrs. C. Gouldesbrough, A. C. Hunter, T. M. Mavrogordato, A. H. Lowe, E. W. Timmis, and E. Larsen

Connaught is to give it a "send-off" instead, if the Duchess is well enough, and, fortunately, it seems possible now to put anxiety definitely aside. It is not settled whether the Prince of Wales is to visit the Show, but he will certainly be present with Princess Mary at the great League of Mercy concert at the Albert Hall on Saturday, which Prince Alexander of Teck has got up.

***

Growing Up?

Princess Mary, by the way, has had a lot of riding lately at Aldershot and elsewhere, and, for these occasions only, has been allowed to tie up her hair. It has been very generally remarked how much more becoming it is for her to be permitted to "grow up."

***

Our Paris Number

Last week's issue of THE BYSTANDER, containing the Paris Supplement with coloured plate, was completely sold out within three days of publication, and readers who have not yet obtained copies have only themselves to blame. The thing to do now is to apply to newsagents, who may have some left over. Our Publisher can do nothing in the matter.

***

Undiplomatic

The interest of the German Royal wedding — to which the King and Queen are now on their way—still centres very largely on who will and who won't be there. An absentee is Dom Manoel (who is to be married himself, by the way, in a few months), no invitation having been sent to him, for the reason, apparently, that he was implicated in a recent attempt to get his own kingdom back—and thus, of course, to defy the sacred axiom that "whatever is, is right." I daresay he will survive it. The young ex-King has a pretty definite policy—of enjoying himself—and there is not much enjoyment in a wedding of this kind, especially under the extremely rigid German ideas of ceremonial. It is like some Society functions, the chief attraction of which is to be able to say you've been there!

***

The Princess's Trousseau

Meanwhile (though the Kaiser did not allow them to be exhibited for fear of arousing criticism among his much-taxed subjects) we all know all about the wedding-gown and the £200 veil and the thirty seven trousseau frocks and the—well, all the underlying attractions of the wedding, so to speak. This refers, of course, to the bride. But there is another important personage who is not going to miss such an opportunity either, and it is said that the quality and quantity of the Imperial uniforms will be such as to make the Teutonic military *Nüsse* positively crack themselves with envy.

***

Lawn Tennis at Oxford

Oxford University gave an excellent account of themselves at tennis on Saturday at Oxford, when they met a strong All-England team that included A. H. Lowe and T. M. Mavrogordato. Among the players for All-England who showed promise were E. W. Timmis and A. C. Hunter. The match made an attractive interlude for visitors to Oxford wanting a temporary change from Eights and the glories of the Cher.

Photographs *Sport and General*

THE OXFORD UNIVERSITY TEAM

Names (from left to right): Messrs. L. S. Lee, C. H. J. Campbell, L. S. Hunter, A. L. Hosie, E. F. Herring, W. H. M. Aitken. The blue and white striped blazers are worn by those who have already gained "half-blues" for tennis

War In Our Very Midst

MR. ARTHUR BOURCHIER

War broke out on Friday night for the possession of the Garrick Theatre, when Mr. J. S. Hansen, who claims the lease of the theatre and the rights of Baron de Rothschild's play, "Crœsus," ejected Mr. Bourchier's staff. Mr. Bourchier made a successful counter-attack on Saturday, and since then Mr. Hansen has been arrested, with a view to his finding sureties "to keep the peace"

MR. J. S. HANSEN

Photograph *Ellis and Walery*

BARON HENRI DE ROTHSCHILD

Newmarket's M.P.

MR. J. C. DENISON-PENDER, M.P.

Who has won the Newmarket seat in the Unionist interest by a record majority of 851. The victory is due almost entirely to the unpopularity of the Insurance Act

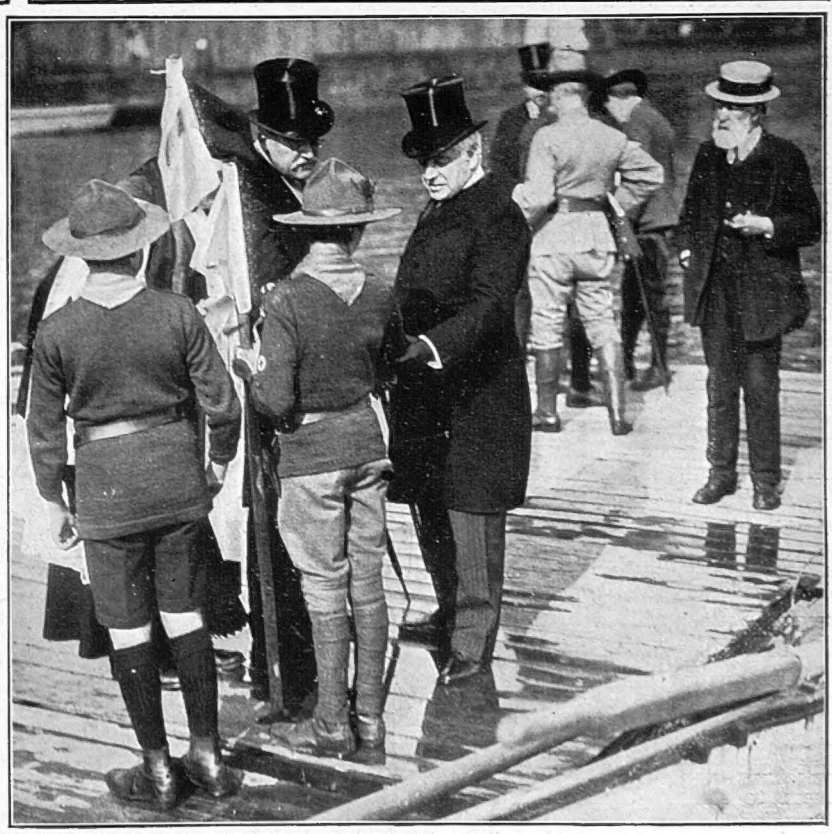
Society Beware!

Photograph *Underwood*

FR. BERNARD VAUGHAN

Who has returned from a preaching tour of the world, and is, no doubt, ready for a new raid on Society morals—if any

Afloat at Last—If Only at Hendon



LORD CHARLES BERESFORD

Who, on Saturday afternoon, inspected a contingent of Sea Scouts at the Welsh Harp, Hendon, when the Archdeacon of Hampstead dedicated the boats

A Marriage Has Been "Arranged"

Démodé?

The Russian Ballet has dropped quite out of the season's programme, and, indeed, from the experiences of Mr. Beecham's season, it rather looks as if the craze were over for the present. But there are Russian dancers still here and there—Pavlova, of course (who presided at a Stage Society dinner on Friday), is a big draw at the Palace; and Theodore Kosloff and Maria Baldina are a real artistic attraction in that glittering I-don't-know-what-to-call-it, *Come Over Here*. But it seems that we only want them in snippets now—which means probably the passing of a vogue rather than any radical alteration in the tastes of the average opera-goer.

* * *

The Flower Show

There are two first nights this week—in addition to an avalanche of dances—at the Garrick and the Haymarket. There is also racing at Newmarket for the Second Spring Meeting (racegoers, anyway, apparently don't pretend it's summer yet) and the "Temple" Flower Show, which once again isn't being held in the Temple, but in the Chelsea Hospital grounds, where that wonderful international show was such a success last year. Everyone is glad of the change, for the congestion at the Temple had got too awful, and the heat in those tents was beyond bearing—not to mention the fact that unless you got a front place in the crush you seldom saw the flowers at all.

* * *

Nothing New

The play-within-a-play idea has seldom been so elaborately worked out as in the Strauss-Molière medley which is to be produced next week by Sir Herbert Tree (who is bringing out a book this month), but it is not so new as some people seem to think. One William Shakespeare used it more than once—witness *The Taming of the Shrew*, in which this element is strongly brought out in the present Martin Harvey production at the Prince of Wales's. One G. B. Shaw also got a touch of it into his *Fanny's First Play*, while there is, of course, our old friend *Pagliacci*. And if the introduction of an opera is comparatively rare, we have quite got accustomed to finding embedded in our most popular "comedies" a more or less complete music-hall performance.

Photograph *Lallie Charles*

MRS. MOSSCOCKLE

Photograph *Whitlock*

THE MARQUIS OF HERTFORD

Mrs. Mosscockle is the widow of the late Mr. Charles Mosscockle, Commissioner for Queensland, who died in 1904. His estate of £625,000 was left entirely to his wife. Lord Hertford, who succeeded to the title only last year, is still better known as the Earl of Yarmouth. His marriage with Miss Alice Thaw was annulled in 1908.

* * *

Enough Said

A marriage has been "arranged"—thrice-blessed word in this connection!—between the Marquis of Hertford and Mrs. Mosscockle. One has only to remark that the lady is two-thirds of a millionaire, and that the bridegroom is a Marquis, to suggest that whoever "arranged" the marriage must be the recipient of the substantial gratitude of both parties.

* * *

The Eights

Some, but not very many, "Society" people have been going down to Oxford for Eights Week, which opened its somewhat simple joys last Wednesday. The Eights never draw a smart crowd like the Fourth of June at Eton—which, by the way, clashes very unfortunately with the Derby this year. Oxford's a long way to go for the very brief thrills even of bumping races, and, besides, the going when you're there is rather rough. Christ Church meadow and the Cher demand ideal weather to be really enjoyable to visitors. So the undergraduate, on the whole, is left unhonoured by the "best people"—and on the whole he manages to bear up quite well.

Photograph *Lafayette*

VISCOUNT ALTHORP

The son and heir of Earl Spencer who comes of age on Friday, May 23

* * *

Ruining the River

The recent rains—of course, I know it will probably be piping hot when this appears, so I put it very cautiously—have very much upset the river season lower down the Thames, which, in fact, is in considerable danger of being tilted out of existence. The coming of the motor-car has reduced the number of riverside residents, as well as supplied a substitute for punt-loafing; the strong streams of this spring and last autumn are frightening people away; and in

An Expected Homecoming

THE SEQUEL TO THE DELHI OUTRAGE OF DECEMBER

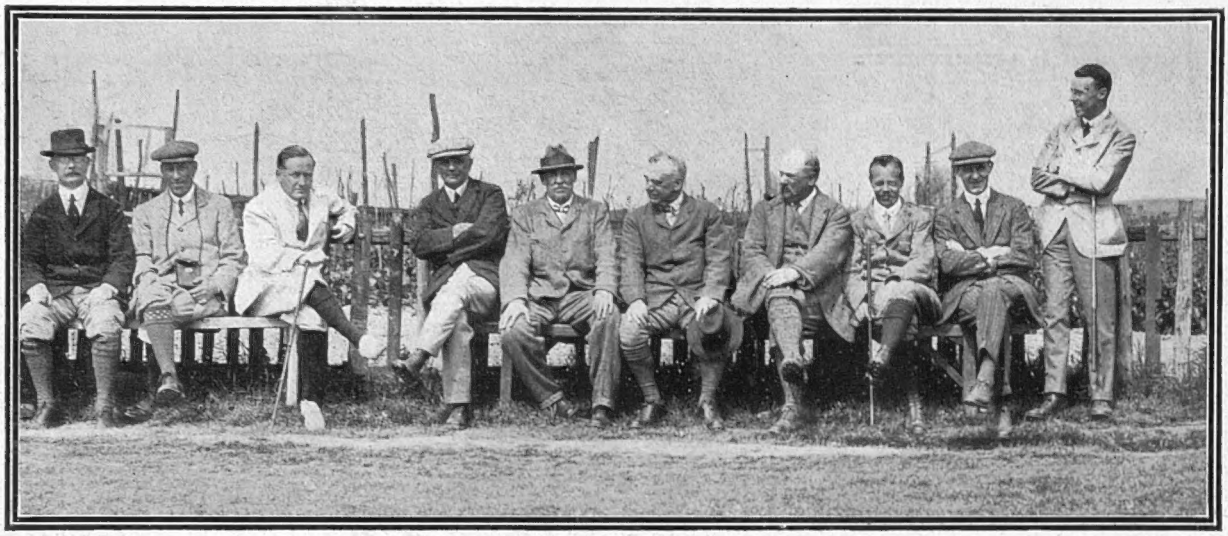
Photographs *Jenkins, Simla*

LORD AND LADY HARDINGE, INDIAN VICEROY AND VICEREINE

Lord Hardinge, it will be remembered, was the victim of a bomb-throwing outrage at Delhi in December last. His injuries were more serious than was at first supposed, but, happily, he has now made a complete recovery. Rumour has it that Lord Hardinge may shortly resign owing to the strain of his official duties, and the shock sustained in December. But as he has still more than two years of office to run we sincerely hope that this rumour may be incorrect

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (*concluded*)

Wigs on the Green



Photograph] THE BAR PLAYS GOLF AT RYE [*Sport and General*

The Annual Tournament of the Bar Golfing Society took place at Rye last week. Two ex-winners of the tournament, Mr. A. J. Lawrie and Sir Thomas Parkyns, Bart., were beaten in early matches. The photograph shows a group of players awaiting their turns

A CHARMING EQUESTRIENNE

Miss Ruth Boyd, reputed to be the finest horsewoman in Brussels. Miss Boyd has brought over with her eight horses which she will exhibit at the Horse Show at Olympia. She is here seen in the Row riding one of these named "My Girl"

Maidenhead, the most popular of all river resorts for Londoners, the authorities have done their best to "put the lid on it" by making a new stucco-bridged lock and an asphalte walk along the towing-path.

* * *

Co-operation in Practice

As a firm believer in the principle of co-operation in journalism THE BYSTANDER is extremely glad to welcome the *Blue Review*, while deploring the ambiguity of the title. At any rate, Miss Mansfield and Mr. Murray have managed to collect round them many exceptionally clever contributors—all young, moreover, which is splendid—and anybody who wants to know what the new generation is thinking could not do better than read what they have got to say. Besides, the chance does not occur often, because in this country it is difficult for anybody under fifty to get a hearing at all—except, of course, in THE BYSTANDER.

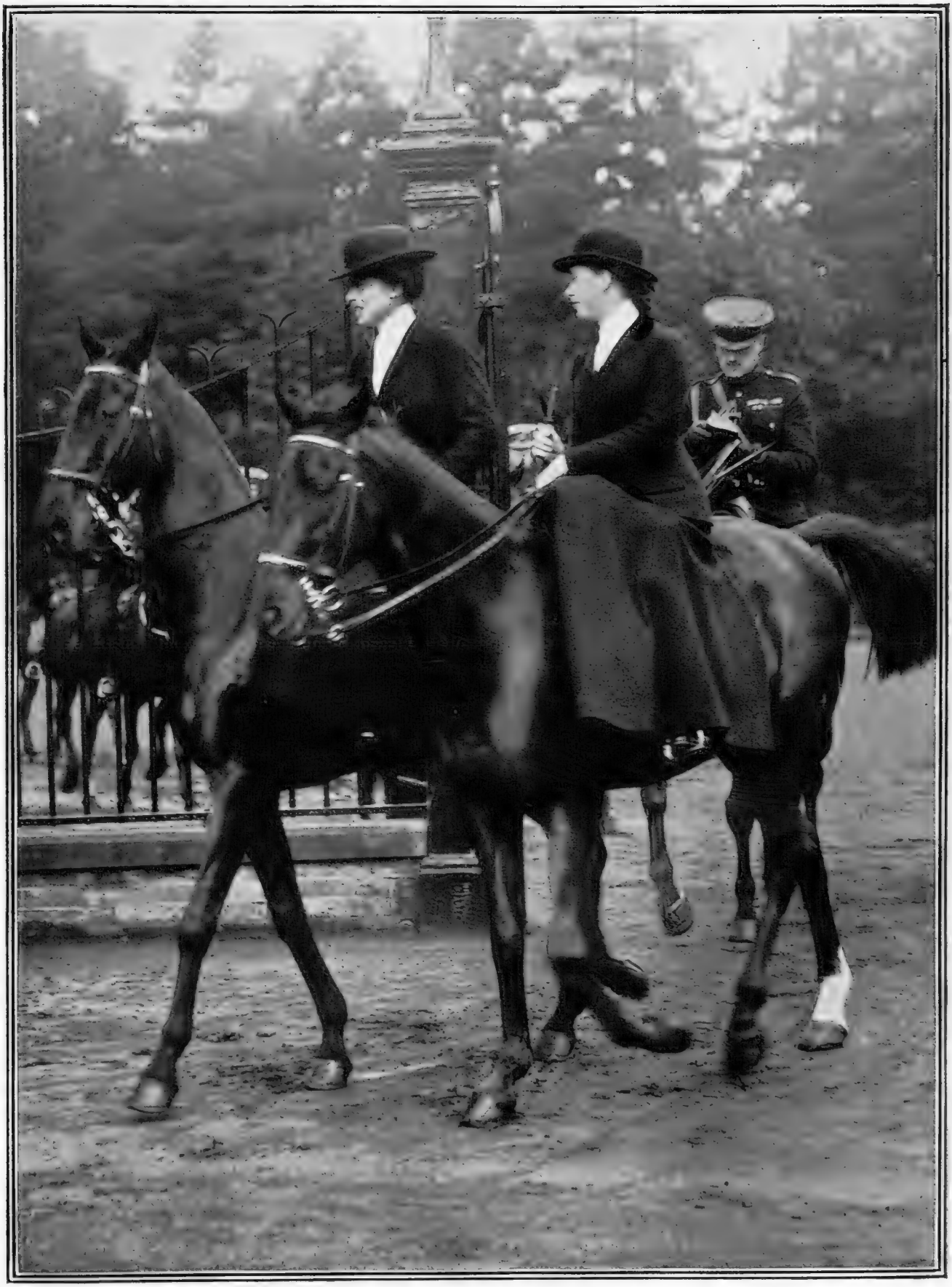
* * *

The Headquarters of Peace—and Comfort

The Peace Delegates are again in London, and, I hope, this time with the intention of really making peace not only with Turkey, but between themselves. They have chosen once again as their rendezvous the Hyde Park Hotel, and, in so doing, show, as in everything else, the best judgment. From the windows of the Hyde Park Hotel the eye is greeted with a view the like of which is not to be seen in any other city of the world, and country and American visitors to the Metropolis who desire to combine quiet with comfort cannot be better advised than to make it their headquarters. The cuisine is absolutely as good as it could be, and the various rooms, particularly the elegant drawing-room, are furnished with an eye to good taste and comfort. As a place for the holding of dances and wedding receptions the hotel has no superior and few equals, the advantage, in the former case, being the *coolness* of the well-ventilated rooms and the balconies overlooking the Park. The hotel stands in the very centre of a district of elegant shops and smart residences, is but a few minutes from Piccadilly and club and theatre-land, while behind it is—the Park!

Royalty Out Riding

PRINCESS MARY AND HER AUNT VICTORIA AT ALDERSHOT



A CHARMING SNAPSHOT OF PRINCESS MARY AND HER AUNT VICTORIA RIDING AT ALDERSHOT

If Christabel Were French!

The First of a Series of Answers to the Question, "How Would Foreigners Deal with the Militants?"

Prison or the Argentine

IF Christabel were French she would either be in prison or in the Argentine Republic. For if Miss Pankhurst were Mademoiselle Pankhurst the French authorities would certainly not have considered her case with kid gloves, and if she had gone to take refuge in England they would have applied for, and obtained, her extradition. If the British authorities want Miss Christabel at home again they need but ask for her. Miss Pankhurst considers her case a political one, I know. She has told me so herself. She said that while Sir Edward Carson was at large there was no reason why she, Christabel, should have her liberty curtailed. If Christabel were French the authorities would ask for her extradition on the grounds that she had incited to various breakages of the law, to arson, and other attacks upon property which are no less criminal offences than picking a pocket or stealing the silver when the butler's back is turned. There would be no question of an elegantly named hunger-strike.

A Less Poetic Method

If Christabel would not eat in prison, she would be made to absorb food by an even less poetic method than forcible feeding. I will leave the method to your own imagination, or any doctor will tell you what it is. All that you need remember is that patients with lockjaw do not die of starvation nowadays, and that food can be administered in sufficient quantities to sustain life whether the patient wishes to absorb it or not. French people all consider—and in saying people I mean women as well as men—that we are far too sentimentally inclined towards these women. To begin with, we allow them to call themselves by the high-sounding name of "militants." French people call them hysterical criminals. Doctors would decide how far the hysteria tempered the criminality, and their punishment would vary in accordance with the doctors' finding. But one little thing would happen to them, if Christabel were French, which would probably eliminate "militant" methods once and for all. *They would not be able to vote under any circumstances.*

A Very Wise Law

There is a law in France, and a very wise law it is, which deprives a criminal who has been sentenced for a common law offence, who has, as the French code puts it, "undergone *une condamnation défamante*," of the right to exercise citizenship. Supposing such a law were passed in England now, "militancy" would cease, or, if it did not cease, the militant ladies would *ipso facto* be unable to vote, even when women got the suffrage. Now, Christabel undoubtedly wants to vote. If Christabel were French she would find that her income and the four hundred pounds a year which she would like to earn in Parliament were disappearing together. Christabel—I am using her Christian name impersonally—Christabel, if she were French, would spend some months in La Santé prison, would have a few days notoriety when she appeared in court between two big Municipal Guards and told Society what she thought of it, would then continue to absorb food involuntarily, while she spent some few more years in La Santé prison and most unbecoming clothes, and would come out of prison just as voteless as before, and with her income gone.

Why Not in England?

But, of course, Christabel could not be French. And when such a simple way exists of suppressing "militancy," when one little law with which no one would disagree would, by removing the right of suffrage from the criminal classes, male or female, remove the lust of criminality from the Suffragettes, it seems rather remarkable that such a commonsense little law should not be passed. Perhaps it is because in these dull, grey lives of ours we need the Suffragettes to talk about. But there would be no Christabel—if Christabel were French.

JOHN N. RAPHAEL

SEXOLOGY.

What a woman sees—and what a man sees—of the same passer-by in the street

BY LAURIE TAYLER

NEXT WEEK'S ARTICLE
WILL SHOW
HOW THE SUFFRAGETTES
WOULD BE
DEALT WITH IN GERMANY

Which is Really the More Impressive?

ASKING FOR VOTES—AMERICAN STYLE

A PARADE OF SUFFRAGETTES IN NEW YORK

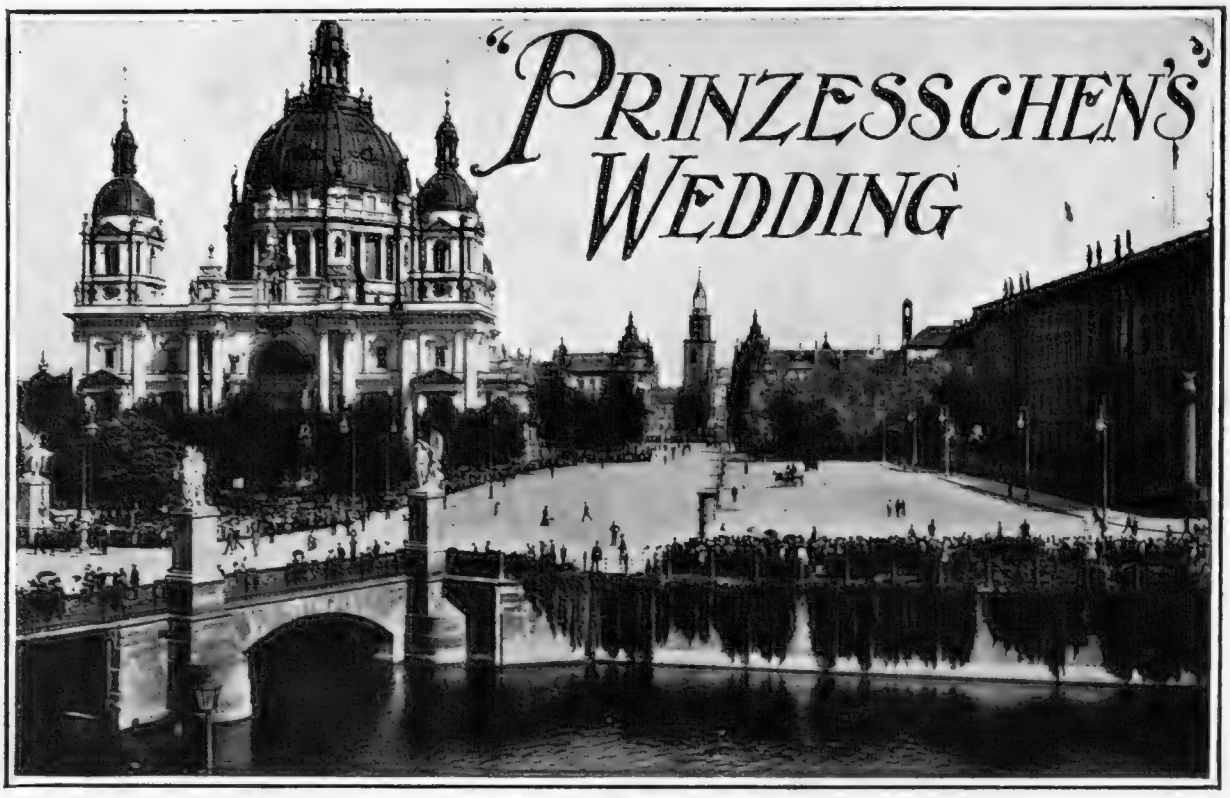
ASKING FOR VOTES—BRITISH STYLE

THE REMAINS OF FARINGTON HALL, NEAR DUNDEE, RECENTLY DESTROYED BY FIRE

Of the several ways in which the manners and customs of Americans differ from our own, none is more striking than that of the Suffragettes in the States. It would appear that they find it necessary to dress themselves in white, look as charming as possible, and form stately processions. This makes a striking contrast to the custom in England of setting fire to private houses and blowing up churches. Of course, we would not for a moment presume to say which method is likely to prove the more effective. That is a question we leave entirely open

THE BYSTANDER VERY MUCH IN BERLIN

"PRINZESSCHEN'S" WEDDING



THE NEW CATHEDRAL AT BERLIN

Where this week's great wedding between the Kaiser's daughter, Princess Victoria Louise, and Prince Ernest Augustus of Cumberland, will take place. On the right of the photograph may be seen the Royal Palace

Undemocratic Germany

Germans have no instinct for "royalties." They lack even the word. The familiarly tender, snobbish, sentimental, fraudulently genuine love of their betters which marks democratic Britons is not known in this undemocratic land. The rule plainly is: the farther off you are from effective "royalties" the more you like them. America, with no royalties, transcends in the cult even grovelling Britain. And Germany, having real, effective, ubiquitous "royalties," lacks the cult altogether.

Lack of "Copy"

Hence the marriage of Princess Victoria Louise as a public event is a very much smaller thing than would be, for instance, the marriage of England's Princess Mary. For journalists this is bad. There is no "copy." Every good journalist ought to be busy describing the Victoria Louise craze; how the future bride last week received 7,124 letters wishing her happiness, and telling her the way to manage Prince Ernest Augustus; how an old woman walked from Kuestrin on stilts in order to kiss her hand; how the gypsy witch, Schneiderin Klops, predicts that she will wear a crown; and how the head gardener at Herrenhausen christened his ninth infant Victoria-Hannoveria-Brunswickia-Louise. Thousands of such ante-nuptial tales rise in every English journalist's brain; but in Germany you never hear of them, and all you read is that Herr Dr. Dryander will marry the pair, or that Prince Ernest is aged twenty-five and that his real surname is Este.

THE IMPERIAL ART CRITIC

The Emperor William and the Minister of Fine Arts (Herr von Sollz) at the opening of the Jubilee Art Exhibition, Berlin

"The Little Princess"

But though in the general public the instinct for "royalties" is sadly lacking, there is a moderate amount of interest in the young lady known as "Prinzesschen"—the little Princess. There are a few things definitely known about her. Certain it is that King Edward VII., when he came to Berlin in 1909, paid her a compliment on her English. Certain it is, also, that "Prinzesschen" is a highly agreeable, unromantic, everyday girl of the kind you see playing hockey at Wimbledon; that she has no great passion for books, or art, or philosophy; but has enough humour, humanity, and energy. And everyone knows that she has a particular liking for children; and among children most of all for her little nephews, the four children of the Crown Prince.

The Crowd and "Royalties"

The wedding of this "Prinzesschen" has everything to make it interesting except what Germans call "das subjective moment," that is, a corresponding interestedness in the public mind. But as Germans have no instinct for "royalties" this interestedness fails. There will certainly be a vast crowd in Berlin

Photograph *Ernst Sandau*

THE WEDDING PORTRAIT OF PRINCESS VICTORIA LOUISE AND PRINCE ERNEST AUGUSTUS

Whose marriage is to be celebrated at Berlin on May 24. Princess Victoria Louise is the Kaiser's only daughter, and Prince Ernest Augustus is, of course, the son of H.R.H. the Duke of Cumberland. He is a lieutenant in the Bavarian Cavalry. His marriage with the Kaiser's daughter marks the reconciliation of the houses of Cumberland and Hohenzollern

streets; and the police will be tremendously rude, and so femininely excited that you will pardon their rudeness. But the crowd will be looking at the sight as "sight," and not as "royalties." It would crowd just the same (and the police would be as feminine and rude) if non-royalties made a similar display; but it would not crowd to see the royallest "royalties" getting married without display.

Makers of Politics

The crowd, sad to say, also has no passion for exotic "royalties." Every good journalist, having finished his account of the stilted lady from Kuestrin, ought to be telegraphing how Berlin is seized by a King George craze—a "*Koenig Georgenmanie;*" how all shops hang His Majesty's portrait; how little Berliners flourish Union Jacks; and how Peter from America, the bartender at the Adlon, has constructed a *Georgenwilhelmcocktail*. And how little Tsar Nicholas. . . . But all this would be lying. The frivolous Berliner cares only for King George and little Tsar Nicholas as possible makers of politics; and the real questions which interest them are why Sir Grey and Herr Sazonoff are not coming; and whether it is really true that little Nicholas refused to meet Archduke Francis Ferdinand. Of a really responsible and worthy interest in King George and Tsar Nicholas as "royalties"—as something higher than mere politicians and rulers—there is no sign.

An Earlier Attempt

It is just twenty years since a daughter of a German Kaiser last entered into wedlock. The last bride was the Kaiser's youngest sister, Princess Margarete, who married in 1893 Prince Friedrick Karl of Hesse. The few people who invent news about "royalties" say that this Princess Friedrich Karl is the real maker of the Hohenzollern-Cumberland match. This is her second try at reconciliation. She first reconciled—after many years' estrangement—Wilhelm II. with her husband's mother, the Dowager Landgravine of Hesse, a born Princess of Prussia. Twelve years ago the Dowager horrified Wilhelm II., who is almost intolerant in his Lutheranism, by joining the Catholic Church. This led her to the harder task of reconciling Hohenzollern and Guelph.

"Montague Cumberland"

The few persons who know anything about "royalties" say that the reconciliation is not complete. The Romeo and the Juliet duly do their part; but the old Montague Cumberland is still right dour and grim about the Capulet Hohenzollern. He has waived his unsubstantial claims to Hanover; but he has not at all waived his substantial sense of grievance; and not until he dies will the breach be finally healed. That is what Berlin says. But in the lack of instinct for "royalties" these matters are not discussed with the minute zeal that one sees in right royal Britain; and perhaps the people who say these things are wrong.

The German Wedding

The Hohenzollern-Cumberland Wedding is to take place at Berlin on May 24. In next week's issue of "The Bystander" we shall deal fully with this event, which, perhaps, may be accounted, spectacularly, the most imposing ceremony of the year

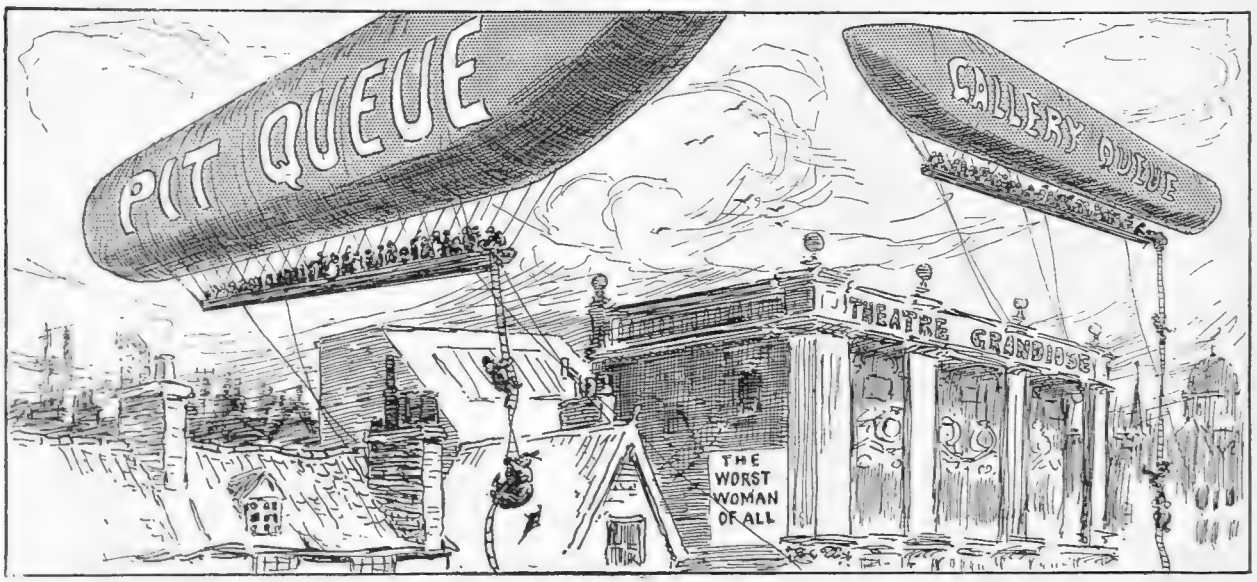
HAMLET (*out of a job*): "The *Revue's* the thing!"

BY SID TREEBY

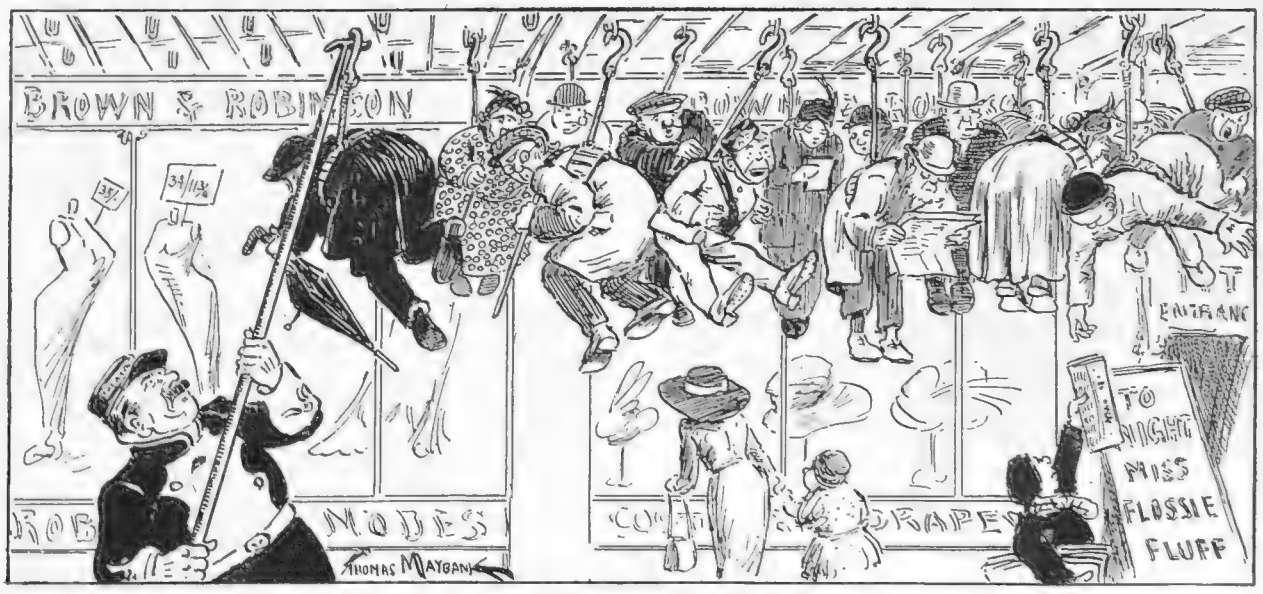
Answers to the Queue Question

THREE WAYS OUT OF A MUCH-DEBATED DIFFICULTY

(a) UTILISE THE FACIA BOARDS OF ADJOINING SHOPS



OR (b) CAPTIVE ZEPPELINS



OR (c) POT-HOOKS AND HANGERS ATTACHED TO THE PORTICO ROOF

With a view to the removal from the footpath of what has long been a public nuisance, and to make waiting for the doors to open a more interesting occupation than it has hitherto been, our artist has made the above practical suggestions

BY THOS. MAYBANK

CRICKET: IS IT A GAME OR SPECTACLE?

Improvement

I cannot profess to have read even a tithe of the reams of matter which have been appearing lately in the Press upon the question as to how cricket can be "improved;" but I have done my best. Much of what I have read is fallacious for a very simple reason. Hardly a single writer has quite made up his mind exactly as to what he means by cricket. This sounds odd, but it is, nevertheless, true. It arises from the failure to differentiate at the outset between cricket as a game and cricket as a spectacle, and the majority of the writers who think they are talking about cricket as a game are really talking about cricket as a spectacle.

A Differentiation

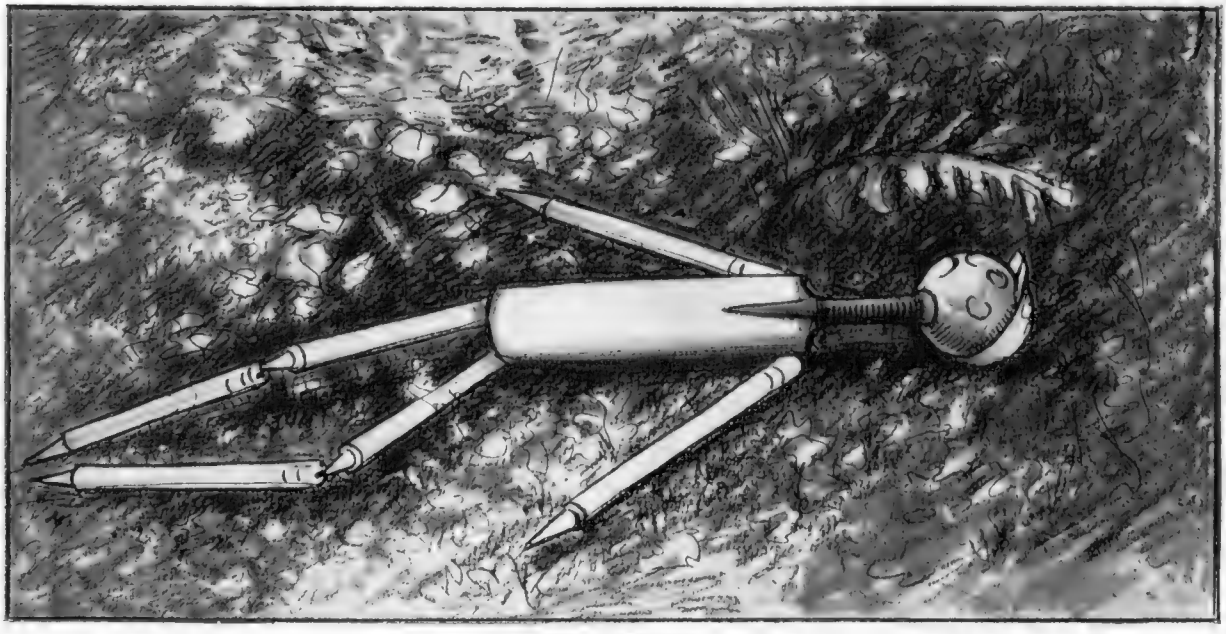
With cricket as a game there is nothing whatever the matter; it is just as good a game as it was a hundred years ago, and is played by its devotees with just as much zest. But, unfortunately (as it has turned out) that branch of cricket which is known as first-class cricket has undergone a change. From being an amusement primarily for those who play it, and, incidentally, for those who care to come and watch the play, it has become a game in which the entertainment of the onlooker is a primary, and no longer a secondary object. It has become a show rather than a game, and is, consequently, dependent for its existence upon the amount of patronage, expressed in terms of pounds, shillings and pence, which it can obtain from a not too discriminating public.

Facilis Descensus

I need not retrace the steps by which this state of affairs has gradually been brought about. The formal recognition of the County Championship, which in the very beginning was merely an invention of the newspapers cleverly designed in order to add interest to their cricket columns, has, undoubtedly, had a lot to do with it, and as "gates" began to grow the temptation to foster their growth was too strong to be resisted. *L'appétit vient en mangeant.* And the proposition that in order to make money you must spend money applies to cricket no less than to commerce. The result is that the running of first-class cricket teams has developed into a sort of commercial speculation — and a pretty costly one at that. We have now reached the point where, as the result of an abnormally bad season last year, the speculators are confronted in some cases with ruin or something precious near it. They have discovered that cricket as a money-making show is threatened with a slump.

What of the Future?

What do they do? Naturally enough, they begin to cast about for some means whereby cricket can be made more "attractive"—not, mark you, for the performers, but for those who pay to see them perform. Can anything be more repugnant to those who have the true interests of the game and its players at heart? I repeat that there is nothing whatever the matter with the game itself. Why should it be spoilt in order that it may fulfil the requirements of a raree-show? There are plenty of games which flourish independently of "gate" and its attendant abominations. There are others which have succumbed to its allurements to their lasting detriment. At the present time cricket stands at the parting of the ways. Which is it to be, cricket as a game or cricket as a spectacle? H.S.S.



"OUT OF IT"

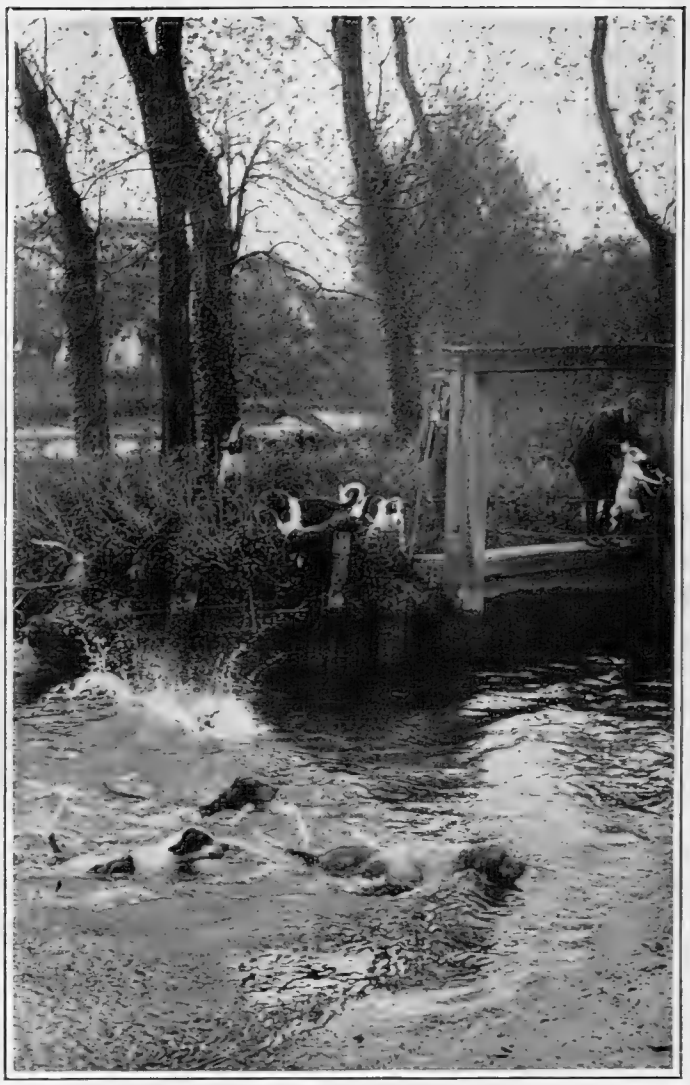
(With apologies to Mr. Alfred Priest's picture in the Royal Academy)

Inspired by morose wails of correspondents to the Press on the subject "What's the matter with cricket?"

Whitsuntide by River and Flood

FLOODS IN PERTH

Owing to heavy rains the Tay recently overflowed its banks at Perth, and above may be seen Commercial Street (Brigend) under water



WORKING THE RIVER BRENT

The famous Eastern Counties Otter Hounds had an excellent meet at the Old Mill, Stratford St. Mary, on Whit Monday. In the photograph the hounds are seen hot on the track of an otter

FRANCE TO THE FORE

On Whit Monday a race was rowed on the River Lea between four-oared crews representing the Emulation Nautique de Calais and the National Amateur Rowing Association. The photograph shows the French team winning easily by three lengths

The Age of Versatility

ONE CROWDED HOUR IN THE LIFE OF AN AUTHOR-ACTRESS

AS A MOTHER

AS AN AIRWOMAN

AS AN AUTHOR

AS A DRAWER OF WATER

AND A FEEDER OF GEESE

The haunting fear of the latter-day theatrical light is that there may be some one direction in which she does *not* shine before men. To prove herself versatile at all costs, the photographer is called in with such results as above—the lady illustrated in the various attitudes being that talented author-actress, Miss Gertrude Robins, whose Play, *Makeshifts*, was produced at the Playhouse last Autumn

LONDON NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENTS

"8d. a Mile" at the Alhambra

BY "JINGLE." ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN MORROW

THE problem of the manufacture of the British Revue is not yet solved. The entertainment at the Alhambra is very much on the lines of a musical comedy, in which the funny men have been given a fairly free hand. Experience, however, has taught me not to look for any wildly hilarious humour in musical comedies, even when they are called Revues, and the writers of the new outbreak at the Alhambra seem to me handsomely to justify my attitude. Some of the jokes, indeed, must have been taken down from the shelf and dusted before they could be regarded as fit for use; and even then it must have needed some courage to offer them to an Alhambra audience, which, I suppose, is not altogether typical of the greenest and most unsophisticated section of the British public. On the other hand, it must be borne in mind that the Alhambra management have a pleasant habit of bringing the details of their Revues up to date as time goes on; and it may well be that some of the time-honoured jests which flicker through the entertainment here and there are only temporarily on tap, and that their places will be filled as occasion requires by sparkling epigrams provoked by the crisis of the moment.

Whatever the Revue may lack in respect of wit and humour, however, is amply compensated for by the magnificence of the greater part of the entertainment. At the close, for instance, of a rather heavy-handed skit on modern art there is an exquisitely dainty ballet danced by ladies representing some of the more delicate tints of pastel-work. Later on there is an Oriental ballet, which is fascinatingly beautiful, and which easily maintains the high record of the Alhambra for splendid productions of the kind. Another point which is distinctly to the credit of the management is the rapidity with which the production moves from one scene to another. As showmen say, there is positively no waiting; and neither is there any unnecessary prolonging of any individual scene. This is a clear advantage, because if you find a particular section lacking in interest for you (and the most expert "revuiste" cannot hope to please everybody at the same time) you have always the abiding consolation that the affliction cannot last for long, and that the next scene may be more to your taste. There is the opening, for instance, which represents the "Nuts" of a hundred years ago out for a lark. Just why this scene is introduced I shall probably never know; but except that it offered a nice opportunity for decorative effect in the matter of costumes, I could not see that it added to the fun of the entertainment.

The presiding genius of the Revue is Mr. Robert Hale, who, like a famous statesman of old, is everything by turns and nothing long. We first see him as Mr. Selfridge with a portable Store, and the fun begins when Miss Englefield, a very well-nourished young lady, comes to be measured for a riding-habit. It is true that most of the storekeeper's jokes are at Miss Englefield's expense; but she does not seem to mind it at all. After that comes a rather clever black-and-white dance, presented by Mr. Howard and Miss Monkman in a dim light, in which little more of them is visible than their white clothes. This playful little freak recalled the proverbial difficulty of looking in a dark room for a black man who is not there. A scene entitled "Model

THE OPENING CHORUS OF THE NEW REVUE AT THE ALHAMBRA, "8d. A MILE"

AN ALTERCATION IN THE STALLS

Husbands" is amusing in a stereotyped way; and this is followed by an energetically humorous scene, entitled "A Shooting Party," in which Mr. Hale gives a somewhat protracted imitation of Harry Tate. (Who is Harry Tate?) Perhaps, however, Mr. Hale's best turn is that in which he represents a very all-round musician. The stage is filled with a number of noisy instruments, from the coaching-horn to the xylophone and the sleigh-bells, and Mr. Hale, suitably decorated with the numerous medals usually found on musicians of his class (doubtless for their pluck in being what they are) comes on and announces that he is about to display his skill in performing upon a variety of instruments, proficiency in the use of which has been attained with practically no knowledge of music at all. In the midst of quite a creditable performance on the coaching-horn, there is an interruption from the stalls. A lady and gentleman are seen to be having a heated altercation with one of the programme-maids about their seats. The couple make so much noise that Mr. Hale is obliged to stop his performance, and then he recognises them as members of his very musical family. In due course other of his relatives appear in various parts of the house, and are duly invited to come on the stage and join in the fun. The scene is quite amusing, and might be made even more so if the dialogue of the latter part of the turn were on a level with Mr. Hale's witty opening remarks. It is not possible, of course, to deal with all the scenes of this Revue in detail—there are no fewer than fourteen of them altogether—but I have tried to show that there is probably satisfaction for all reasonable tastes; and there seems no reason why the present Revue should not be as successful as any of its numerous competitors.

JINGLE

Miss Ella Retford

MISS ELLA RETFORD
Disguised as a newsboy

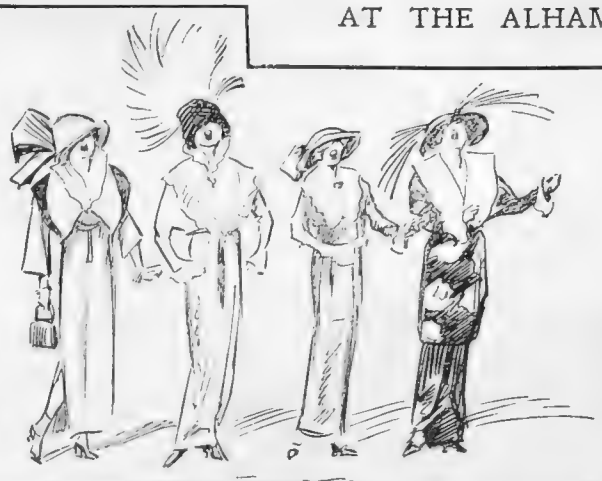
IN "8D A MILE"

In Aid of the Middlesex Hospital

Speaking at a private meeting at the Cavendish Club the other day, the Hon. Sidney Holland, Chairman of the London Hospital, explained just how it is that the hospitals have suffered under the Insurance Act. The Act, he said, had relieved the hospitals of a little work, a very little; but it had also made a large number of previous subscribers close their purse-strings, as far as the hospitals were concerned—and the hospitals were supported entirely by voluntary subscriptions. The new musical play, *Claude Abroad*, to be presented at the Aldwych Theatre from May 27 to May 31 inclusive, at 8.30 p.m., in aid of the Middlesex Hospital should, therefore, provide an excellent opportunity for those who realise the true state of affairs in regard to hospital finances to show their sympathy in practical support. The play is under the immediate patronage of H.R.H. the Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyll, H.R.H. the Princess Alexander, and H.S.H. the Prince Alexander of Teck.

Things Noted in the New Revue

AT THE ALHAMBRA



GAIETY FAVOURITES

THE LADY AVIATOR

MR HOWARD AND MISS MONKMAN IN THE 'BLACK AND WHITE' DANCE

MR ROBERT HALL

MISS VIOLET ENGLEFIELD

HARRY TATE'S SHOOTING PARTY (NUMBERED AND RESERVED)

SKETCHED BY NORMAN MORROW

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Photography Deserts the News for A Few Studies in the Purely Picturesque

"THE SONG OF SPRING." BY MRS. G. A. BARTON

By Sea and River

"HAULING IN THE NETS"

BY HUBERT J. [illegible]

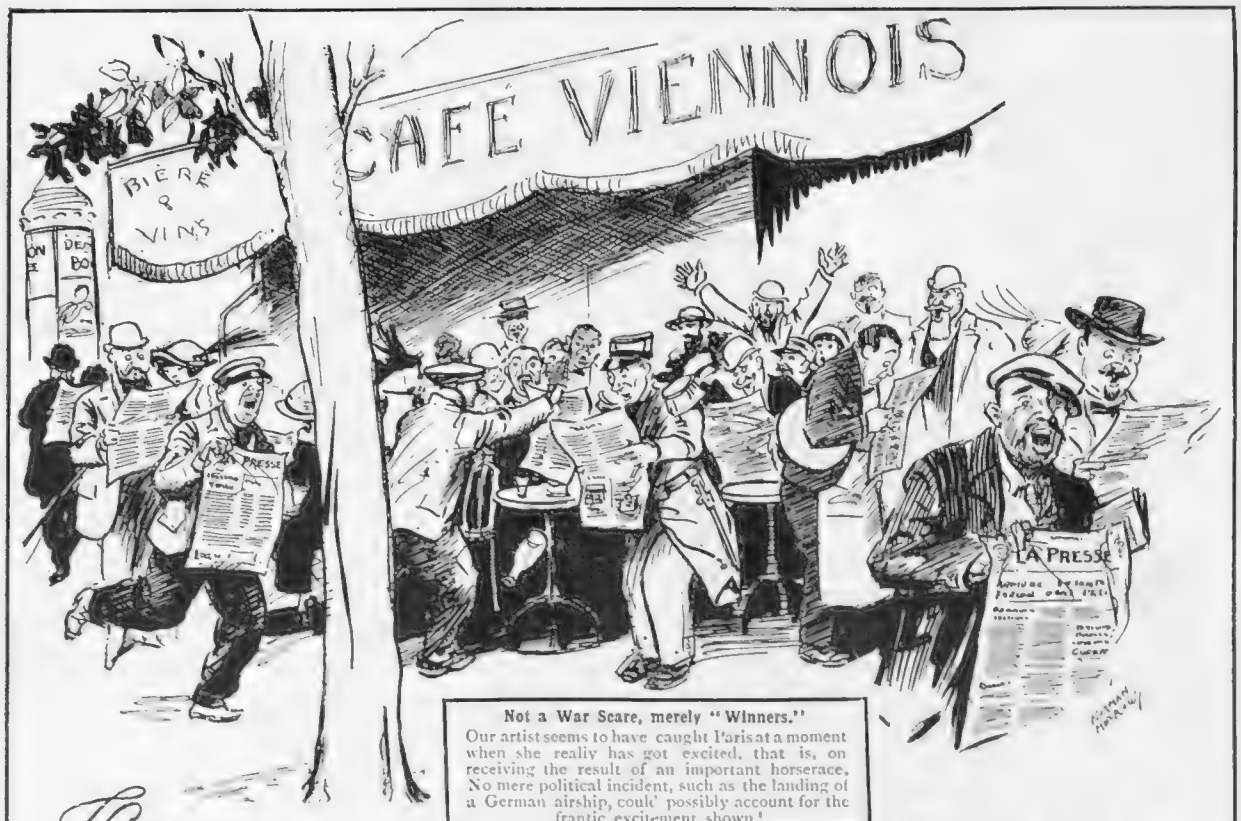
"'NEATH LONDON BRIDGE"

BY A. KEITH DANNATT

On the Zuyder-Zee

Photograph *Sport and General*

Most visitors to Holland will remember Volendam, one of the much-boomed cities of the Zuyder-Zee. The place, though picturesque, is exceedingly artificial, and one feels that the original Dutch costumes worn by the inhabitants, the houses, fishing boats, etc., etc., are all kept spick-and-span only for the benefit of the generous and gullible tourist, whose name in these parts is legion. In the above picture, a typical canal street, "Meer Zyde," is shown



Not a War Scare, merely "Winners."
Our artist seems to have caught Paris at a moment when she really has got excited, that is, on receiving the result of an important horserace. No mere political incident, such as the landing of a German airship, could possibly account for the frantic excitement shown!

The Bystander in PARIS

NOTES ON THE FRENCH SENSE OF HUMOUR

A Story that Failed

Have you ever tried telling a Frenchman one of the best stories you know? What kind of a fool did you feel when you had tried? One of the most remarkable differences between the two sides of the Channel is the different conception of humour in Folkestone and in Boulogne. There used, of course, to be a great difference in their Sundays, too, but that is disappearing very quickly. Frenchmen don't tell one another stories as we do on every occasion, and their sense of what is funny is entirely different to ours. I remember a most unhappy three-quarters of an hour which I spent with Monsieur Paul Deroulède one evening. Paul Deroulède is a poet, a highly educated man, a patriot, and one of the best fellows living. An evil spirit moved me to try and amuse him. We had been talking about absence of mind. A friend of Deroulède's, a University Professor, had broken his leg some time before because he had been on the top of a ladder in his library, was looking over a book which he had taken from a top shelf, and when the servant came in and told him lunch was ready had put the book back hurriedly, and run off to lunch without remembering that he was not on the floor. He found the floor rather suddenly, and has limped ever since. Then I told Deroulède my story. It was the chestnut of the absent-minded man who was dining out, and who, when he was offered salad, took the salad from the bowl and wiped his bald head with it. His hostess asked him why he did that with the salad. "*Salad?*" he said, "*I thought it was spinach!*" Deroulède said that he didn't believe the story was true, and that spinach was messier than salad, anyway, and much more difficult to handle. He couldn't see anything to laugh at, and I got purple in the face trying to show him where the joke was.

A French Funny Story

A Frenchman's idea of a funny story is nearly always something that you can't print. It is no use telling him about the thin old man who jumps out of a third floor window and comes down plump because the expected blanket isn't between him and the pavement. He will call that brutal, with the accent on the second syllable and a nod at you as the brute. He will also say that to call that a cure for emaciation is absurd. But the kind of thing a Frenchman really thinks funny is the accident which has just happened to Madame L. Madame L. is a buxom widow of forty. She knows she is buxom, she is nearly sure that she is forty, and the question of her widowhood is more or less an open one. Monsieur L. was a hairdresser in a large way of business. He was known as the Napoleon of hairdressers, had a big establishment on the Boulevard Montmartre, and literary, artistic, journalistic, Stock Exchangic, and dramatic Paris went to Monsieur L. to have its hair cut, and its moustaches twirled up with the curl that wreaks such havoc in the hearts of *les petites femmes*, or is said to do so at the hour of the *apéritif*. One day, nearly six years ago, Monsieur L. walked out to get a breath of air before the heavy business of the afternoon. When he was at the door

"La Charmeuse"

FROM THE PAINTING BY M. ACHILLE FOULD IN THE PARIS SALON

he came back for some money. He had none in his pocket. He took a hundred francs out of the till (when an elderly Frenchman goes for an afternoon stroll he likes to be provided for emergencies), kissed his wife, called her his little cabbage, and went off saying that he would be back in an hour. Nobody has ever heard of him since. Nobody knows whether he is leading a double life or whether he has no life left him to lead.

The Real Joke

Don't laugh yet. The joke *à la française* is coming. I mentioned, did I not, that Madame L. is buxom, and that she is as near forty as any woman need be. For a woman of that age, and a buxom one, a husband who was a hairdresser, and has been a mystery for nearly six years, is rather worse than no husband at all. Madame L. fell in love again. The man was a jeweller—she considered hairdressers elusive, I suppose—and rejoiced in the name of Edoardo Avonto. A moment's reflection may convince you that he was an Italian. Edoardo proposed marriage. Madame L., after inquiring into her status, blushingly accepted his proposal. Then Edoardo dipped into the till of the hairdresser's shop and extracted, with Madame L.'s consent, a trifle of £3200 to buy pearls and things with. This, of course, shows the difference in the requirements of a husband who is a hairdresser and a jeweller who is not a husband. Madame L. found after the lightening of the till that her Edoardo was somewhat slow for her taste about the marriage preliminaries. She was a business woman, and she made inquiries. She found that Edoardo had a wife in Italy. He did not deny that fact, but explained that he had taken measures to divorce the Signora Avonto so as to marry Madame L. Madame L. made more inquiries, found out that there is no such thing as divorce in Italian law, and has now had Edoardo charged with fraud. Edoardo has avontoed, as it were. A warrant is out against him, but he is as difficult to find as Monsieur L. And Madame L. is looking for a husband who was, and

THE NEW SPIRIT IN FRANCE
Our special artist suggests that it is not patriotism—merely whisky, which is now universally consumed in the French capital

a husband who would have been if he could, and she is still more or less of a widow. There you have an excellent example of the Frenchman's idea of a huge joke.

The Ease of Fraud

If I wanted to drop journalism and go in for a career of crime I think I should remain in Paris. Fraud is curiously easy here owing to the peculiarly casual way in which you make intimate acquaintance in Paris. I remember one evening chatting with a friend at a theatre. Another man came up, and joined in the conversation. He patted my friend on the shoulder, saying "*Bonjour toi*," talked to him with the intimacy of a brother-in-law, and invited himself to lunch with him next day. When he had gone I asked my friend why he had not introduced me. "I can't remember the man's name," he said. "I'm not sure that I ever knew it. I have met him at the theatre, and in all sorts of places constantly for years, but if I ever knew his name I have forgotten it. He will probably be very intimate with *you* next time you meet."

The Humbert Case

Now, I daresay my friend was right. I remember another case when a man lent a casual friend, whom he had known in the same vague way for years, his motor-car to run out to Versailles. He never saw either the man or the car again, and a number of people whom he knew were left lamenting the disappearance of sums of four pounds and upwards at the same time. During the Humbert case nothing was more comical than the number of people who had "lent" money to the Humberts without knowing anything about them. When you come to figure out what you do know about most of your acquaintances in Paris you will find that it is wonderfully little. One thing you very rarely know is anything about their homes. A Frenchman will talk to you, feed with you, take you to the theatre, go to the races with you, do almost anything with you except take you to his home. JOHN N. RAPHAEL.

To a Fair French Scholar

(With an inveterate habit of quoting from her favourite authors)

Madam, what *mots*, instant, unfailing, bright,
Your garnered stores of Gallic wit supply;
But all so short, I dare not doubt them right,
Yet cannot verify.

Once, on your brilliant garden-party day,
I well recall the light *insouciante* air
With which you let such scintillations play
Over the gay parterre:

I praised your flowers—my mind a hopeless blurr
Of half-learnt lines I dared not try to quote—
"Yes, yes, indeed," you breathed, "'les belles belles fleurs!'
As poor dear Daudet wrote."

"Beneath such sunshine all the world seems fair,"
You murmured, adding, in your happy flow:
"Ah, 'comme le soleil brille!'"—as Molière
So brightly says, you know.

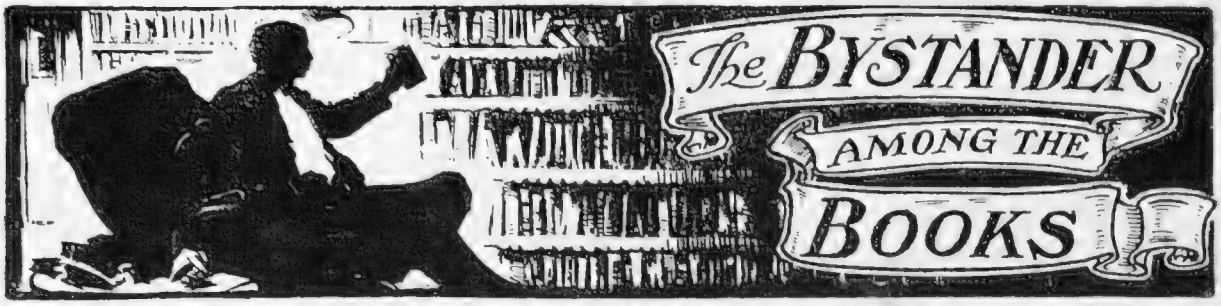
Then, as I left, "Come back," you said, "and dine—
No? We might talk our authors over. Ah!
Well, I can only quote Lamartine's line—
You know it—'Oh! la, la.'"

Then, all bewildered by your wealth of phrase,
Dazed by the brilliance from those classic heights,
"'Filet de bœuf,'" I murmured, "'Sauce Bernaise,'"
As good old Gatti writes! HABBERTON LULHAM

A Forgotten Side of Parisian Life

MATINS AT THE FASHIONABLE CHURCH OF ST. AUGUSTINE

So rarely is it referred to in articles dealing with Parisian life that English people are apt to forget that there *is* a spiritual side to it, and that even the smartest of French men and women are regularly to be found in the precincts of places of worship. Our picture was drawn at St. Augustine's, the great church on the Boulevard Malesherbes, and the preacher who is so impressing his fashionable audience is Monsignor Bolo—described as the Parisian Father Vaughan



BOOK OF THE WEEK: "PUNCH AND JUDY" BY EDWIN PUGH

Mr. Edwin Pugh Again

Hardly more than a month ago Mr. Edwin Pugh—most industrious of men—published that thoughtful study of a self-made man *Harry the Cockney*, and here to hand is another "long new novel," as the advertisements have it, far more ambitious in scope and of no less interest from his pen. Yet in a sense *Punch and Judy* (Chapman & Hall: 6*s*.) fails just where *Harry the Cockney* succeeds. You read every one of its pages with the greatest pleasure, you come to know every one of Mr. Pugh's characters, yet you remain unsatisfied—perhaps faintly bewildered. *Punch and Judy* is no more than a fragment.

Soho

It is a fragment of that great epic of Soho which has never yet been written. Soho is the impossibly quaint district bounded by Shaftesbury Avenue on the south side and by Oxford Street on the north. It is inhabited by odd creatures who have obviously been created by caricaturists or the police—in a particularly zealous mood. Things happen in Soho which could never happen anywhere else—except perhaps in Monte Carlo which only differs from it in being rather cleaner, more beautiful, and more expensive. Now Mr. Pugh has collected together enough material for a gigantic comedy of twenty long volumes; but he prefers to use all of it in this one book. And the result, as I have said, is little more than a fragment—but a joyous fragment put forth in Mr. Pugh's most engaging style.

Photograph *Vandyk*

MR. EDWIN PUGH

Whose latest novel, "Punch and Judy," dealing with that enchanted region of London, Soho, is reviewed on this page

The Heroes

Of Punch himself we want to hear more. Punch is a philosophical old gentleman aged ten with a passion for philanthropy. It is true that he provides the link which connects the half-dozen or more romances here gathered together, and it is also true that he nearly kills Mrs. Goss's fifth baby; but we are not satisfied. And Judy, his twin sister, hardly appears at all. Crispin Pix is probably the chief hero. He is the musician who ought never to have come to Soho at all. He starves in the conventional way, and falls in love with one of the natives—Una by name—and endeavours, however unconsciously, to "alter" her. You know well enough that in the end he will make money in much the same way as the Chestertonian Bartholomew Dole makes money, and marry the Felicia of his own class.

Olly Ulys

For Una herself, there is Olly Ulys—another hero—the cherubic cartoonist who turns to Anarchy (as is, of course, eminently natural in Soho) when the girl temporarily leaves him. Olly is chosen by lot to kill the Prime Minister of England. He sets out for the Premier's country house, and the scene that follows alone makes the book worth reading. The result, indeed, of his murderous plan is simply delicious. I dare not give it away.

Madame Carlotta and Others

But there are also other heroes and heroines. There is Madame Carlotta, whose wonderfully-fashionable past is for ever being unfolded for the entertainment of Soho. Soho may be incredulous—but what does that matter? History is largely a question of imagination. Then, there is Holy Jo, who gets drunk on occasions (people get drunk even in Soho), and Granny Farr, who follows his example, and Niddy, who reads novelettes, and Madame "Pussy" and her husband, who are going to win a huge lottery prize, and quarrel about the correct position for a kitchen—and a great many others, for the most part Punch's good friends. But Punch's friends want, each of them, a book to themselves. However, perhaps Mr. Pugh has realised how busy everybody is doing jigsaw-puzzles or playing bridge, and thinks that *Punch and Judy* as it stands is quite enough for them. Perhaps he is right. Certainly he has provided a fascinating entertainment.

RALPH STRAUS.

THE LOCHS AND SOUNDS OF THE WESTERN HIGHLANDS

FOR how long, poor overworked brainworker, do you look forward to your annual holiday? What wonderfully lazy times you promise yourself; and what terribly hard work you make of that precious fortnight's "rest" when it really does come along. How much of it do you spend in rushing about in railway carriages across this country or the Continent. What energy spent in selecting a hotel in this place or that, and what endless little worries over that wretched baggage.

Confess now, Mr. Tired Brainworker, that you get back to your office worries again little or no better for that fortnight's rest which has been no rest at all.

Photograph *T. H. Pickles, Liscard*

BRIG-O'-BALGOWNIE

How, then, shall you spend your well-earned fortnight? I will tell you. Take a cruise. There are dozens to choose from, and I know of none more delightful or less expensive than those around our own little sea-girt isle.

Think of it! Once on board your boat and you are independent of all the thousand and one worries that beset one on the usual country or Continental holiday.

Some of the pleasantest of the many little cruises round our own coasts are those which are available by the line of steamers owned by Messrs. M. Langlands and Sons, of Exchange Street West, Liverpool, who, among numerous other trips, run a cruise to the Lochs and Sounds of the West Highlands. In this trip one is hardly ever out of sight of the coast, and any chance of monotony is made impossible by the daily call at one or other of the historic spots along the coast.

If one wants to loaf, then here, indeed, is the opportunity. If one feels energetic, then the frequent trips ashore that are available will give one all one wants in this respect. Each night the boat drops anchor in some one of the numerous fiords or lochs that this wild coast abounds in.

On such a cruise as this you have all the charm of an ocean voyage with none of its monotony. If the long open air days do not send you sleepily to bed at an early hour, there are plenty of quiet amusements on board provided for you.

Nothing could be more varied or enchanting than the views of sea and rugged coastline that unfold themselves before one day after day from the steamer's deck.

And with it all there is the breath of the sea in our nostrils, and that wonderful feeling of fitness and steadiness of nerves that the sea alone can give us.

Centuries of breeding in this sea-girt island of ours has given most of us a great love of the sea, and even those poor mortals who suffer the qualms of sea-sickness can safely enjoy some of these cruises in the sheltered waters of the beautiful lochs and sounds of the West Highlands.

The boats on this Line are quite comfortable, and are all fitted with electric light, hot and cold baths, state rooms, and comfortable lounges.

Photograph *H. M. Jones, Hexwall*

LOCH NEVIS, FROM TARBERT

A number of cruises are available from Whitsuntide to September, but June is, undoubtedly, the best month of the year in which to take them.

The long days enable one to get so much more good out of a trip of this description.

It is as well, even in the summer months, to provide oneself with warm wraps. The days may be hot, but the nights afloat are more often cold.

As these cruises are each season becoming more popular it is as well to make one's arrangements well ahead.

THE LOOK OF THINGS

FROM A BYSTANDER'S POINT OF VIEW

IT appears well-nigh incredible. But there is still a place in Great Britain where one may forget—for days together—everything that really matters in modern civilisation. I mean such things as whether the Balkan problems ever will be settled, whether there is any political significance about the Royal visit to Berlin, what sort of weather the *Enchantress* has been having.

* * *

I have just been to this place of oblivion. The name of Handel Booth, if it had been mentioned to me, would have conveyed practically nothing there. Nor would Mr. Garvin's thoughts on the Marconi affair. As for Mrs. Pankhurst, she never occurred to me—not even in dreams. Mr. Lloyd George seemed like a myth.

* * *

This is curious, perhaps, because the place is in Wales. (Wales, as you know, is the native land of our Chancellor. In this country he probably first heard the magic word "Investment." I do not know what "investment" is in Welsh—or whether they have a different word for "speculation.") It is, to get on with my tale, within a hundred miles of Snowdon.

* * *

Further than that I shall not specify it. I do not want excursion trains run to it. I want to be able to go back there, when the world and the flesh and the Suffragettes are too much with me, and be alone once more. I will tell Mr. McKenna the name of it, if by the end of the year no public buildings have been blown up, and he can assure me, with his hand on his heart—if he have a heart—that no more tubes have been ordered, since all are feeding well.

* * *

Three climbing friends beguiled me to this valley, and I found on arrival that it was surrounded on all sides by bleak, dark, jagged, and terrific mountains, up which they intended to go, and up which they intended to take me.

* * *

Climbing is a sort of madness. I used to think so, and now I know it. But climbers, like all other lunatics, have an extraordinary gift for fascinating and persuading their victims. I remember bringing down a magazine with some pictures of climbers taken in impossible situations, gummed like flies against the face of sheer precipices, with ghastly abysses yawning below.

SHAKESPEARE IMPROVED
"The Flesh the Heirs were Ill of"
By Starr Johns

I said that nothing would induce me to get myself into such a position—that it was worse than a crime—it was folly. They laughed, and said, of course, those pictures were faked. Probably the position was perfectly comfortable—a little steeper than Bond Street, but no motor omnibuses to run you down.

* * *

I believed them. Journalists will believe anything, especially if it be against the Press. I agreed to be taken for what a book on the district (by a well-known and highly expert climber) described as "a pleasant scramble up the V-shaped gorge—interesting in parts—the leader requiring 40 feet of rope."

* * *

We reached the foot of the V-shaped gorge by way of a precipitous wall of grass and rock, which I thought required careful and very slow going, in spite of there being some sheep about. But sheep are extraordinarily like goats in Wales. The snowiest lamb will suddenly take the wildest of leaps. [Note.—The same phenomenon has been noticed in Welsh Chancellors.]

* * *

"Trust the People!" This aphorism seems at first sight to have no connection with the preceding paragraph. Let me explain. It was Whit-Monday. I was at the foot of the V-shaped gorge. Not a soul save my three companions were in sight. Trust the People to be sensible, and not to allow themselves to be attached to a rope for a pleasant scrambling—interesting in parts—up a V-shaped gorge! Perhaps you understand now?

* * *

He was a lawyer. They were all lawyers. The climbing guild seems to be largely recruited from this profession. I think it must be that lawyers feel that they ought to die, and are willing to leave decision to Providence. It is quite different with writers—any one of whom might, by doing this sort of thing, deprive the world of a Paradise Lost or a Rosary.

* * *

They took me up that gorge, and into other places where there were chimneys and gullies, and things you only read of in books. I developed some of the muscles of the beetle, some of the intrepidity of the tree-frog. It is a madness that grows—this climbing. I have an uneasy feeling that I have not done with it yet. I am not going to rush at it, but when the Marconi Commission comes to an end I may try it again.

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Holidays à la Russe

A REMINISCENCE OF THE RECENT BELATED EASTER CELEBRATIONS

(BY THE BYSTANDER IN MOSCOW)

The Tipping Nuisance

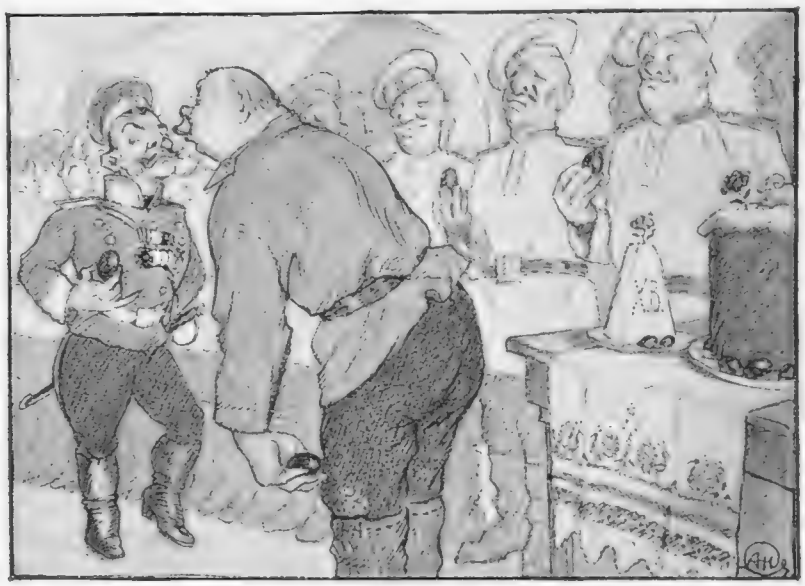
The Russian capacity for holiday-making is stupendous, and of all Russian holidays Easter—celebrated this year on April 27—is the greatest, far surpassing Christmas or New Year's Day. For nearly a fortnight all business is at a standstill. Banks and offices are closed. Travellers stopping at Moscow on their way to Siberia, and wishing to cash letters of credit, find themselves unable to procure money. If you are a householder, an army of people waiting to be tipped lie in wait for you at every corner. The policeman, the watchman, the *concierge*, the porter, the housemaid, the cook, the boy who brings your morning paper, the ordinary postman, the postman who brings your registered correspondence, the postal-order postman, the telegraph boy, all expect a substantial *na tchai* at this season.

Branches of Willow-Palm

The Easter festival begins with the great fair on the Red Square on Palm Sunday, and lasts till the Sunday after Easter. This fair on Palm Sunday is one of the sights of Russia. All Moscow, carrying branches of willow-palm, congregates on the huge square in front of the Kremlin, and round the two long lines of booths a great discord of "screamers," hooters, penny whistles, trumpets, musical eggs, squeaking balloons, and other diabolical instruments, fills the air.

A City of the Dead

As Easter Day approaches the more devout increase the rigour of their fast, until on Good Friday Moscow truly resembles a city of the dead. In the hotels and restaurants no liquor is served, and the orchestras are not allowed to play, while there seems to be no end to the church services. The *jeunesse dorée* spend the morning of the Saturday at the jewellers buying charms in the shape of minute Easter eggs for their girl friends. All day long the shopping continues. Then towards seven o'clock the streets become deserted. Everyone is taking a siesta before the all-night celebration and the bringing-in of Easter on the Kremlin.



MICROBE-SPREADING IN MOSCOW

Russian "Tommies" salute their officer with the Easter kiss

By Andra

To the Kremlin

Towards ten begins the general exodus to the Kremlin. All Moscow is here. The streets are crowded with a dense throng controlled at every corner by troops of mounted police. Once inside the Kremlin one seems to be transported into a fairyland of towers and turrets. By a quarter to twelve it is almost impossible to make one's way through the narrow gates. In the great courtyard between the Cathedral of the Assumption and that of Ivan Velikee the crowd, composed mainly of peasants, is reverent, silent, and respectful. The rough, bearded faces seem to be softened into lines of beauty by the awe of expectation. Everyone carries a lighted taper.

The Witching Hour

Then twelve o'clock begins to strike. The crowd sways forward in a movement of intense emotion. Instantaneously great streamers of coloured light flash out along the outline of the towers and churches. The bells, led by the great mellow boom of Ivan Velikee, begin a mad ringing. The effect is almost magical. Guns and rockets are fired. The crowd grows exultant. Then from the cathedral comes the procession, headed by singers, all in crimson, and men bearing banners. Next come the priests, and with them the Metropolitan resplendent in gold and brocade. They march once round the cathedral, and then return to spread the news that Christ is risen. "*Christos voskrese*," sing the priests. "*Christos voskrese*," answer the people, until the words are lost in a confused murmur on the outskirts of the crowd.

Kisses All Round

The churches are filled to overflowing. There are no seats—only standing room, and little of that. Rich and poor stand side by side, while everyone kisses everyone. The priests kiss each other, and then the congregation. The whole interior of the church is a blaze of tapers and candles, and the chanting and singing are the finest in the world. In an anteroom outside lie the tables of *Kulitch* and *Pascha* (special Easter cakes) waiting to be blest. For the simple and uneducated Russians Easter is more than a festival. It is a national obsession. Anyone who has seen the expression of patient resolution and devotion on the faces of these poor peasants cannot fail to realise that in spite of the scum on the top there is an immense vitality behind this nation.

Jean d'Auvergne

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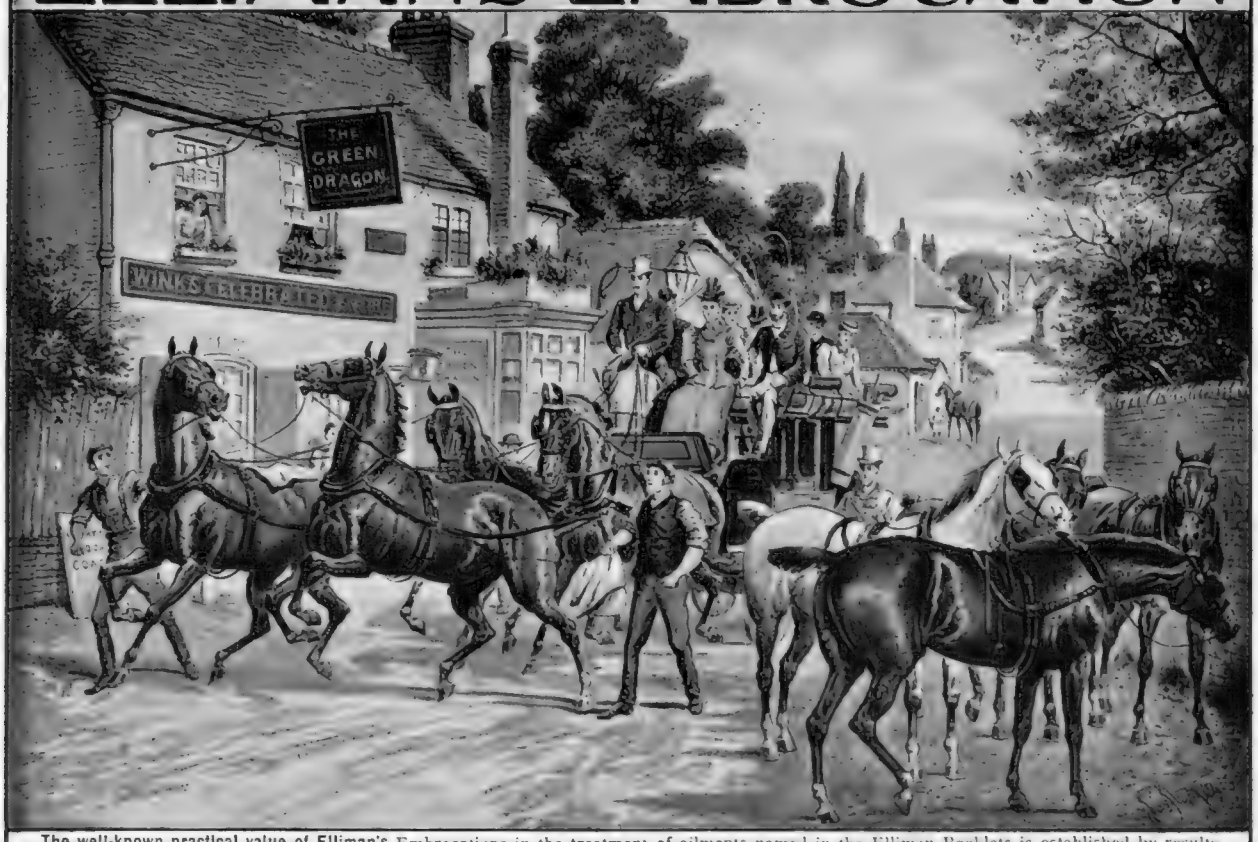

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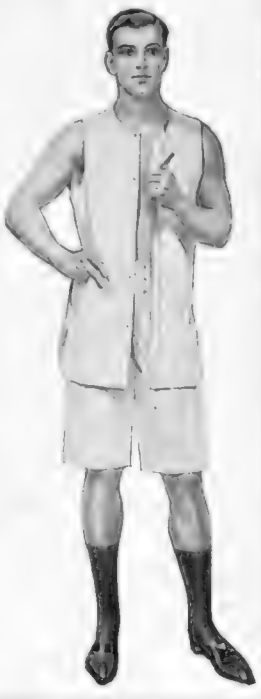

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THOUGHTS ON THINGS SEEN

The Kinoplasticon—and What Next?

AT the moment, that German who sings and dances on the stage before me here in London at the Scala Theatre is probably drinking beer in Munich. The woman who acts with him is, I daresay, fast asleep in her bed in Buffalo, N.Y., while the servant who waits in the background is, conceivably, being shaved by a barber in Cape Town.

But I have said they are singing and dancing before me.

They are. . . . You see, it's the Kinoplasticon. Instead of looking at pictures on a screen, you see and hear the people much as you would were they before you in the flesh. For to the screenless film is added the gramophone. The man on my left, after having said he was damned, added that there were immense possibilities in the thing—he didn't know what, but was sure of it. My mind obediently became speculative. What are these possibilities?

"That German who sings and dances on the stage before me in London is at this moment probably drinking beer in Munich"

First, the imperfections will be removed. The effect of living people on a stage will be made more convincing still. The gramophone will get nearer and nearer to exact reproduction of the human voice. As a result, a Kinoplastic performance of play or opera will be as satisfying to both ear and eye as the performance in the flesh. What will be the result? Probably, that just as nowadays thousands of people deny themselves the fatigue of going to see processions and such like on the ground that "they will see them better and in more comfort on the Cinema," so they will avoid the trouble and expense of going to a central theatre to see a play or an opera as performed by players in the flesh. They will see it better, and cheaper, on the Kinoplasticon.

From this, the theatre and the theatrical profession will need to change their plans. No longer will it be worth the average money-loving manager's while to stage expensive plays before empty theatres for a run, but only for a reproduction. Management will think Kinoplastically. Actors and actresses will play, singers will sing, scenists will design, musicians will play—all Kinoplastically. The whole profession will become subjective, not to audiences in the flesh before them, but to audiences in the air whom they will never see, as to whose approval or disapproval they will be unconscious, and, therefore, unconcerned. The initial performance taking place only before the cinematographer and the gramophonist, the "art" of it will be standardised by those officials, not by critical opinion. Sir Herbert Tree? A good actor. But does he Kinoplast well? Melba? Ah, yes. She makes wonderful records. But Mme. X. . . . is atrocious. Her voice used to be good enough before an audience, but there's a quality about it that doesn't gramophone!

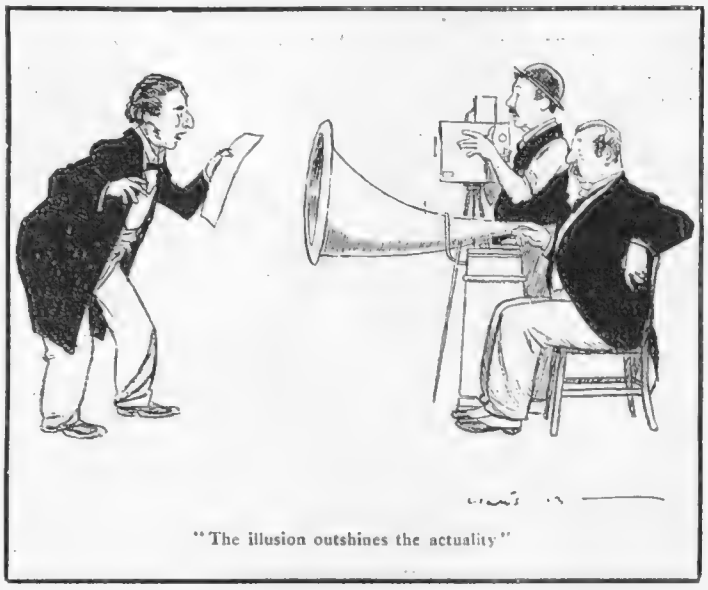
The touring company, with all its expenses, its uncertainties and its excitements, will go. For what will be the object of second-rate performances when one can see the original players at any time anywhere?

But enough of these mere actualities. Let us leave them to the superficial ones, and get to the philosophy of the thing. What is the simple truth lying below it all? That reality is growing more and more subjective to reproduction thereof. Each year more and more things are organised, more and more people employed in the process of make-believe. In time may not the illusion outshine the reality? The things that happen will be less actual than the things that can be represented as happening. What, for instance, is real warfare? An exchange of mere manœuvres extended over so vast an area as to offer

"Nowadays, thousands of people deny themselves the fatigue of going to see processions . . . they will see them better on the Cinema"

Under the Emperor Kinapoleon !

nothing spectacular to the eye or to the pen. Of so little picturesque value that its occurrence can be of no interest to other than the diplomats who have waged it. A cinema war, however, is a real, vivid thing. The illusion outshines the actuality. We can show you much better things happening than ever happen. Why trouble about life when we have something so much more vital? Why, in short, live, save Kinoplastically?



"The illusion outshines the actuality"

The mind conjures up the vision of the arising of a gigantic Cinema Trust "cornered" by some Boss, who uses his power to rise to high office—even dictatorship.

Everything that shall happen in the State that he controls shall be reproducible on film or record, otherwise let it not happen. Any non-reproducible event found happening without notice to the authorities to be herewith declared null and void—worse, illegal, and its inceptors imprisoned for action without just cause. Conceive the Emperor Kinapoleon growing more and more sardonic. "Who are all these people?" he asks a kine-councillor. "Do they film?"

"No, your kine-majesty. Neither do they 'phone. They merely live!"

"Have them all immediately destroyed."

"Yes, Sire. Will you be present to give effect to the film—in a uniform that will go well with the red of the blood?"

"Certainly. . . . By the bye, you needn't trouble to kill them really. It can, after all, be a kine-massacre."

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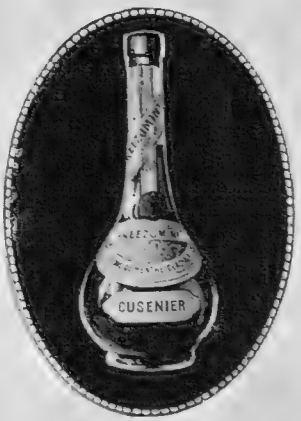

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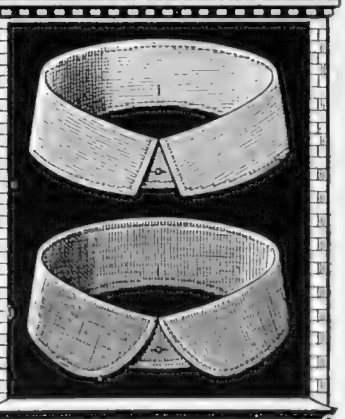

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BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

COULEUR de ROSE

BY FRANCIS TOYE

"THE contempt of the real traveller for the personally-conducted tourist is a very healthy thing. Unconsciously it indicates a worship of truth, a love of reality as opposed to sham. Not, mind you, that I blame the tourist. He at least shows a wish, even when personally conducted, to get out of the suburban rut in which his friends Smith and Jones are content to wallow year in, year out. But a regular wanderer like me can't help feeling a trifle superior."

And with this outbreak of sententiousness I asked Anselm to come and have some lunch by way of compensation.

We were walking down the Rue de Vaugirard, and, just opposite the Luxembourg Museum, there stood a large brake with a canvas awning, the sides of which flapped lazily in the breeze like the wings of an enormous, self-satisfied duck. No occupants were visible; they were, we supposed, inside the museum, seeing what they ought to see, admiring what they ought to admire—all in the space of twenty minutes, arrival and departure included. On the side of the brake was written, in mildly-gilded letters, "Jacob's Select Excursions." That had annoyed Anselm, who resented the presence of his more commonplace compatriots in Paris as an aspersion on his own taste in coming there. Being, however, of a paradoxical disposition, he began an elaborate apology for tourists in general and Jacob's Select Excursions in particular. I riposted as above, till the cloistered passages of the Odéon—surely the Paradise of book lovers—turned our thoughts to modern French literature and the intellectual distinction of the Paris that lives on the left bank of the Seine.

We lunched at the Café d'Assas, on the Boulevard St. Michel—a rather disreputable though famous *brasserie* that I frequent when I am fairly well-off. Otherwise—as I explained to Anselm—I go to a little establishment further down the boulevard, where the food is as good as the atmosphere is foul, and the bill never comes to more than two francs.

"I suppose it's the kind of place where poor students go?" he commiserated, kindly.

"Out with you and your Oxford ideas!" laughed I. "That's where the *rich* ones go. The poor ones, indeed! Do you know that it is quite the ordinary thing for a student to live at the Sorbonne on ninety or a hundred pounds a year? And the year at the Sorbonne means nine months—not six: do you realise that?"

"Good God!" exclaimed Anselm, as if shocked at the narrow escape that Oxford University had had in being born of such a democratic and economical mother.

And then I said, "Good God!" too—but for quite another reason.

Through the door they poured—a whole thirty of them. They were mostly women; some with that strange veil over their hats that the baser sort of Anglo-Saxon female affects abroad, as if to remind herself continually that she has braved the winds of the Channel, and must shortly do so again; a few in cheap French hats with a gaudy flower; the majority in those peculiar suburban hats that droop at the edges, as if despairing of salvation either in this world or the next; all unmistakably, aggressively British in soul and body. And the five or six men! Well, I won't describe them; but I remember that the general impression I got was that their moustaches all drooped, as if in sympathy with the many hats of their female companions, while one wore his tie in a ring and mopped his head with a horrible purple handkerchief, spotted in yellow. And outside stood the brake. Through the glass doors I could just read "Jacob's Select . . ." and guess the monotonous flip-flap of the awning.

After walking in the manner of Agag over the rather dirty, sand-strewn floor, and commenting in church-like whispers on the peculiar smell which is an undisputed monopoly of the Assas, they sat down at a long table—obviously prepared on purpose—at the far end of the restaurant. There they sat, more or less in silence, as if determined to get their money's worth at all costs and finish up everything from the *hors-d'œuvre* to the cheese.

All this time we had said nothing. Anselm broke the silence.

"I do not like them," he remarked—at least, that was the polite gist of his words—which were, in fact, fewer and more emphatic.

Then he looked round the café, and began to laugh, at first gently, then unrestrainedly, throwing his head back like a vulgar German half-drunk with beer.

"Amused?" I said, fatuously.

"Just look round!" he burbled.

"Well?"

"It's empty—quite."

"What's empty?"

"The café."

"Well, of course it's empty; it always is at lunch time. I told you so."

He had recovered himself somewhat, and leant across the table confidentially.

"My dear fellow, don't you see how funny it is? These people are being lunched here with a purpose;

(All rights strictly reserved)

because the Café d'Assas is a well-known haunt in the Quarter, besides being nice and convenient for the Luxembourg and Cluny. They think they're going to see French life; I shouldn't wonder if they had imagined the place was full of Little Billees, Svengalis, and Trilbies! And there's nobody here but us—me, an English doctor, and you, an English——Hang it! I don't really know what you are now."

"Never mind," I said—I have always kept my *incognito* as a writer of rather unsuccessful novels a strict secret.

"Anyway, isn't it great?"

"Fine! . . . Poor things!"

I suppose I am soft-hearted; for I was sorry for them, somehow. The Assas certainly was even emptier than usual. As a matter of fact, there were two other people overlooked by Anselm—an elderly student of philosophy quietly playing backgammon in the other corner with a very plain, respectable-looking woman of about thirty-five. I knew all about them. In the language of the Quarter—so revelatory in its explicitness—they were "married legitimately."

Then I looked at the long table again. I saw at once that we had become the object of interest—indeed, of speculation. Anselm always affects the picturesque abroad, and I have not looked my nationality for years. They were too far off to hear us talking. I guessed that we had been put down as painters, or something else equally romantic and unprofitable. I was just going to tell Anselm so, when my eye fell on one of the party. She was young—not more than twenty-five, I should think—with a delicate face, not exactly pretty, but attractive, in spite of the rather dead-looking skin. I glanced again, and saw that she kept throwing shy, wistful glances in our direction. I drew Anselm's attention to her.

"You can see," I said, "that she is longing to make our acquaintance. She has already invested us with all the qualities and defects of Murger's heroes as set to music by Puccini. I am sure she longs to break away from convention for an afternoon and run wild——"

Indeed, I began to weave quite a romance about the little lady; I even got to sentimentalising over her—poor, stilted thing, her growth checked by suburban blight, etc., etc.

Finally, I concluded, in an outburst of enthusiasm:

"She has come to see French Bohemianism: she shall! . . . Oh, if only Hélia were here!"

"Hélia?" asked Anselm. "Who the devil's Hélia?"

And then, as in a play, the rattling door opened, and Hélia walked—or rather, burst—into the café.

Perhaps I had better not introduce her. Moreover, the Hélias of this world need no introduction: they are everywhere, behind everything, and known to everybody. In England, we take their existence so much for granted that we actually pretend that they do not exist. But still, it is a little unfair to class Hélia with her thirty—or is it forty?—thousand colleagues that are said to live within a four-mile radius of Charing Cross. Because Hélia, being Parisian and living in the Quarter, is quite different. She is not in the least ashamed of herself, she has her own life, her own friends, male and female; indeed, owing to the laxity of French morals, she is positively a human-being. Which is, of course, a most distressing and regrettable privilege for one so abandoned to enjoy.

However, as I said, Hélia burst in, her tall, slender body cleverly advertised by a well-chosen coat and skirt of red, her round baby face even more cleverly advertised by a very charming little hat that half-concealed it, and the whole of her exuding that atmosphere of thoughtless gaiety which makes her the most popular girl of the Assas.

She went round to see if there were any letters for her in the glass case behind the orchestra-platform, and then walked straight to our table.

"I see," she said, "thou art not alone. Do I disturb thee?"

"On the contrary, Hélia," I replied, "thou comest in time. My friend also is charmed. What dost thou take?"

"Coffee in a cup."

I watched Anselm. He was looking at her approvingly. I saw that he was surprised that she had not asked for alcohol—with or without a cup. He is writing a book on *delirium tremens*, or something of the kind, and ladies like Hélia figure largely in it, I believe.

I was also surprised to see that Hélia took no notice of the Jacobites, as we had christened them. When I called her attention to them she merely shrugged her shoulders, and said:

"What wilt thou? One must eat. But one eats badly here; they are idiots to come. English, I suppose. I like thy compatriots; they are generous, not like thee. Last year when I used to cross the water and go to Montmartre I met an Englishman. . . ." And there followed a long rambling story of somebody, obviously American, who had deserved the supreme merit of giving Hélia a lot of money for nothing, "yes, for nothing, for nothing, imagine thou," and then writing her sentimental postcards from Rome.

But Anselm, who likes to stick to the point, reminded me of the little lady sitting so wistfully among her unprepossessing companions at the long table. She was tremendously interested in Hélia; she could, in fact, hardly keep her eyes off the girl and kept nudging the old lady next to her with a view of arousing a more general interest in such a romantic personality. I bent closer to Hélia, who already sat close by my side.

"Hélia," I said, "we are going to play a comedy."

"Thou talkest!"

"Wilt thou kiss me, violently?"

"That is not comedy, that is business . . . and then?"

"We shall see."

"I have no desire to kiss thee."

"Hélia, I will give thee that hat thou didst admire in the Boulevard St. Germain last week."

"Oh, well, that is different, then."

Without a word Hélia put her arms round my neck and kissed me, not once, but several times, quite as if she liked it. But then the hat was, I am bound to say, a very charming one.

"Thou hast a nice cheek," she remarked, approvingly, one arm still round my neck. "I will even do it again."

And she did.

Here, I think, I had better explain that my relations with Hélia are, in reality, purely platonic. I see her nearly every day in the Assas, and stand her coffee in the afternoon and a liqueur or two in the evening. Once or twice I have even taken her to a theatre, but as Hélia, as well as another more famous inhabitant of Paris, has remarked, "Business is Business," and

(*Continued on page 426*)

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(Continued from page 424)

at twelve I am politely informed that—well, that our paths lie in different directions.

However, that is only a digression. The point is the effect on the little lady. It was electrical. She half-rose from her seat, a blush of pleasure giving her quite a good complexion for a minute or two, and she gripped her elderly neighbour by the arm, whispering, at the same time, into her left ear. Then they both stared fixedly in our direction, hardly even pretending to eat any more.

Stimulated by success, I felt bound to continue. Anselm was laughing so much that he couldn't say anything. Even Hélia caught the spirit of the joke and began humming a gay tune popular at the time. What we did exactly I cannot remember. I seem to recollect drumming with two pieces of sugar on the table by way of accompaniment, while Anselm pretended to draw us—doubtless one of those masterpieces on a back of a menu, which are so frequent in imaginative fiction and so very rare in real life. Then I know I kissed Hélia, and I think Anselm did too. By way of a climax we tried to make her smoke a cigar, and when she refused we pelted her with bread and tried to bury her in our rain-coats. In fact, we were vulgar, disreputable, and silly, but what matter!

By this time the Jacobites had finished their lunch, and rose, collectively of course, to rejoin the brake. On the way out several stopped to criticise the Assas frescoes, which, to tell the truth, are very bad and rather indecent. However, they were duly admired—"How amusing and French, my dear"—and by no one so vigorously as the little lady. She backed up her opinion as to their superlative merit by gestures obviously intended to impress us. Indeed, she kept moving ever nearer to our table, where we now sat in comparative respectability, wondering what she had really thought of it all.

We were not left long in doubt. Turning to her elderly companion, her face radiant with satisfaction, she remarked in a not unattractive voice:

"Oh, Auntie! What a nice place this is. So typical, so bohemian. We must come back by ourselves some day. And I've enjoyed my lunch so much, too. And, do you know, watching those two jolly artists and that perfectly sweet *grisette* has given me the most splendid idea for a short story. I always knew the Latin Quarter was the same as ever. Do you think THE BYSTANDER would take it for their Paris Number? Olive told me once that . . ."

The rest of the sentence was lost as they passed out, so that what Olive said remains, unfortunately, unrevealed.

I leant back and swore.

"Jealous of a rival," suggested Anselm offensively.

"What do you take me for?" I replied. "No, it is not a personal matter at all. *Grisette*, indeed! Do you realise what we have done? We have riveted another fetter round the neck of our innocent compatriots. Another truth obscured! Another pleasant fiction substituted! I am sure that little devil makes hundreds a year by her short stories, and that thousands of people read them. I know the kind. I used to see fifty of them a week in old days on the paper, all full of sugar, sentiment, and slush. Naturally the real romance of the Quarter has escaped her, the provincial calm, the intellectuality, the charming medley of youth and age. And instead largely by our fault—this!"

I pointed, rather offensively, at Hélia, of whom I am, as a matter of fact, quite fond.

"It is rude to talk in English," she said, reprovingly. "Thou sayest?"

"I said, my child, that we have done a bad action. In endeavouring to amuse somebody we have deliberately obscured the truth. We have committed, in short, the unforgivable sin. Worse, we have helped somebody to deceive other people. And worst, far worst of all, we have placed thee before the world in a romantic light so that foolish people will love thee for what thou art not and be encouraged not to sympathise with and like thee for what thou really art. Oh, Hélia, Hélia, it is better to die than to live by making rose-coloured spectacles for other people to see the world through. Dost thou understand that?"

"Thou and thy philosophy!" scoffed Hélia, as if she really had understood. Then with genuine interest, "But wilt thou come soon to the Boulevard St. Germain and buy that hat?"

. . . . . .

Seven or eight months after, I returned to London, and, owing to financial difficulties, accepted the post of Fiction Editor on THE BYSTANDER. The time of the Special Paris Number was approaching, and, busy trying to find a suitable story, I had waded through innumerable adventures of divorced persons who met again, by chance, in omnibuses and lived happily ever afterwards, of impossible "strong and silent" men in the more remote corners of our Empire, of heiresses in disguise, impecunious bank-clerks on a holiday, and, especially, of amazing and irresistible Delilahs whose shoulders always "gleamed white" (whether there was any light to gleam by or not—and there usually was not) to the complete undoing of the mere male. Frankly, I was in a state of desperation.

There came a knock at the door.

"Lady wants to see you most particular, sir," announced our very bright office-boy, himself an author, though, as yet, unprinted. "Says she is a regular contributor." And he handed me a card, with the name on which I was unfamiliar. I suppose the lady had patronised us before my time.

"Oh, very well, show her in," I said, glad of any relief.

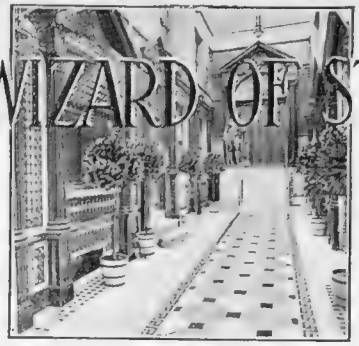
The lady began talking almost before she had crossed the threshhold. She had a story that would exactly suit our Paris Number. Would I look at it at once? It was a very charming story founded on real fact, called "An Artist's Treachery," etc., etc., etc.

I took it mechanically, read a few words, started, and looked keenly at the authoress. No, there could be no doubt at all. It was my little lady of the Café d'Assas, a trifle more self-sufficient looking, perhaps, than last year, but otherwise unchanged. I crossed the room so that my face should be in the full light of the window.

"Madame," I said, "your description of myself in this story is grossly flattering. But I never wore a black-velvet tam-o'-shanter."

A quick glance and a little cry! That was all! Then she turned and fled, leaving the story to follow by post. And, needless to say, a rival paper, of which wild horses would not drag from me the name, published it, fully illustrated, a few weeks later. FRANCIS TOYE

THE HEALTH WIZARD OF ST JAMES' STREET.



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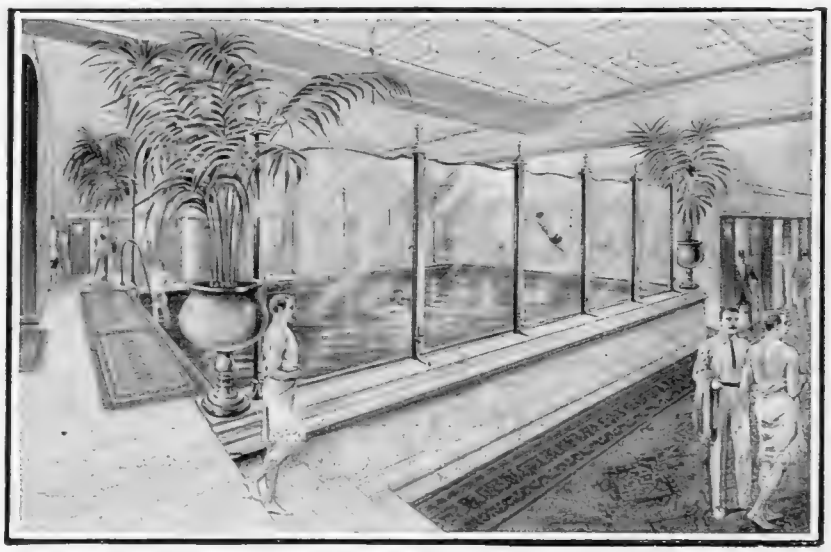
Not a bottle of medicine — not a pilule — does he prescribe; his method has risen above and beyond the fetish of the pharmacopœia.

Eugen Sandow is, indeed, a health wizard.



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To my mind there are two reasons for Mr. Sandow's successful cure of the ailing—the first *psychological*, the second *physiological*

To take the first. Mr. Sandow chooses his patients. You may go to him or write to him, but it does not follow he will accept you for treatment. He accepts only those whom he believes his method will radically cure. It may be in the course of a year he is not compelled to reject many, for his successful cures range through the whole gamut of functional derangements, from the dyspeptic to the neurotic. Thus from the very first the patient who is fortunate enough to be accepted by Mr. Sandow starts off on the health road with the immensely valuable impetus of practically knowing his cure will be accomplished.

Then there is the physiological aspect, or, rather, the therapeutic basis of Mr. Sandow's methods.

Mr. Sandow, if it may be so described, has re-discovered the keynote of all therapeutics—the art or science of enabling the body to cure itself.

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Those who live in London or who can spare the time for a journey to town naturally call on Mr. Sandow at his Institute, 32, St. James's Street, London, S.W., and interesting and valuable indeed is a few minutes' face-to-face talk over one's condition with this giant of the healing profession, who seems intuitively to grasp one's trouble at once and know how to point the way to its eradication. Those who cannot call should write to him fully about their health enclosing the form below.

There is a series of books which I understand he is willing to forward to all who apply for them. Here is a list of the subjects of these books:

"Indigestion."
—"Constipation"
—"Liverishness."
—"Nervous Troubles."
—"Sleeplessness."
—"Spinal Curvature."
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—"Lumbago."
—"Corpulence."
—"Under-development."
—"Weak Chest and Lungs."

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Please forward me your book upon .....
(Here fill in nature of complaint.)

Name .....
(State whether Mr., Mrs., Miss, or Title.)

Address .....

.....

AGE ..... OCCUPATION .....

Any further particulars may be given in an accompanying letter.

The Bystander, May 21, 1913.

MATTERS MUSICAL

WHAT CAN BE DONE ABOUT THE "RING"?

"YES, yes," I heard a lady say while waiting for her motor at Covent Garden the other night, "I suppose it is the best *Ring* we've had for a long time, but still. . . ." Now that exactly sums up my own attitude, especially the "but still." And so I hope my readers will understand that their musical critic appreciates Nikisch's sensitive interpretation of the score as much as they do, that in spite of a certain tendency to exaggeration it seems to him as, very likely, to them something of a relief after Richter's severity, that the new scene at the beginning of *Rheingold* is a great improvement, that Van Rooy and Kirkby Lunn are as good as ever—and permit him to come at once to the "but still."

What really can be done about the *Ring?* Of course, the proper solution is to confine performances of it to Bayreuth or Stratford-on-Avon, or some place where people are prepared to devote three days and four nights to it exclusively. For a really adequate attendance at the *Ring* is not so much a diversion as a career. And in London, at any rate, that career is apt to conflict with other careers less important, perhaps, but more remunerative. Besides, with the best will in the world, I defy you to leave your ordinary occupation (or lack of it) at 4.30, drive through the rain to Covent Garden, come out again at eight, wander among aggressive loafers, umbrelliferous flunkeys, and decaying cabbages in search of your car, dress in a hurry, dine in a hurry, drive back in a hurry, resume your labours at 9.30 with the "undigested peacock" still sitting heavily upon your chest, and then say that you have been in a possible condition to understand or even appreciate the rather ponderous philosophy of Wagnerian Music-Drama.

That is the weak spot in the position of those who are horrified at "cuts" and clamour about the "sanctity of art" and the "intention of the composer," and so forth. Both doctrines are hopelessly impaired already. All we can do is to make the best of a bad job. For my part I do not pretend to like "cuts." They spoil the balance of effect, they destroy the proper tone-sequence, and in *The Meistersinger*, for instance, they tend to make the performance seem even longer than it is. But, if you will insist on seeing the *Ring* in a theatre for which it is not adapted, in circumstances with which it is utterly incompatible, what is to be done? Even the "cultured amateur," with all his pretensions, cannot expect to eat his cake and keep it. Probably the best way out of the difficulty is to make a selection of acts, as I did, and spread your *Ring* over two cycles. The only objection to this plan is that you must be either a millionaire or on the free list—two ambitions about equally difficult of accomplishment. No! I'm afraid we shall, most of us, have to suffer silently till a composer, of a genius as great as Wagner's, is commissioned to prepare a version of *The Ring* suitable for performance under ordinary conditions. FRANCIS TOYE

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RACING: The Newmarket Stakes. By CARBINE

The Crack Three-Year-Olds

At the time of writing racing folk are looking forward interestedly to what promises to be one of the great races of the year—the Newmarket Stakes. If Louvois and Craganour are brought out in antagonism it should be an affair worth going a long way to see. Probably the winner will be the winner of the Derby as well. Mr. Ismay, it seems, was not fully satisfied with the manner in which Craganour was ridden in the Two Thousand, and Saxby himself told me that he thought he had won that race. I do not blame him for the mistake, for it is one that some famous jockeys have made at Newmarket. Apparently the owner of Craganour thinks that Saxby could have got a bit extra out of Craganour had he realised he was being beaten. Anyway, Danny Maher is to ride the colt on Wednesday, and it will be interesting to see how the much-discussed animal goes for that master of his craft. My own impression is that **Louvois** will outstay Craganour over this course. It may, however, again be a very near thing between them.

Derby Outsiders

I suppose the winner of the Newmarket Stakes, unless it be only a question of inches, will settle down into strong favouritism for the Derby. In any case it will be an open race at Epsom. One gathers that the two French colts, Nimbus and Vulcain, are both thought to possess good chances of scoring at Epsom. It is rare enough for France to have one formidable competitor for our Derby, let alone two. And as there does not appear to be much to choose between Nimbus and Vulcain, I doubt whether either will prove good enough. This despite the fact that both have been well backed for the Epsom race. If I were to take two outsiders for the Derby my choice at present would rest with Great Sport and Bachelor's Wedding. The former is, I am convinced, a really good colt. He won in excellent style at Hurst Park last week, and can be considerably improved. I shall not, however, make any definite Epsom selections until later in the month.

Other Selections

I notice that **Bachelor's Wedding** is entered for a Plate at Newmarket on Wednesday, and if he runs he should win. For the Flying Handicap on the same afternoon I fancy **Forward III.** On Thursday I do not suppose there will be anything capable of extending **Hornet's Beauty** in the Abingdon Plate. I regard the Payne Stakes as a good thing for **Great Sport,** though he may not find it easy to concede weight to the King's improving colt, Anmer. The Breeders' Stakes should be taken by the as yet unbeaten **Pictorial.** The Manor Handicap at Haydock on Friday may be won by **Bonfire,** and the Alexandra Handicap at Gatwick on the same afternoon by **Martynia.** On Saturday the Prince's Handicap may fall to **Greenmeadow.**

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THE R. AND A. SPRING MEETING

The Premier Club

THE Spring Meeting of the premier club may be taken as marking the opening of the Amateur season. At the business meeting, held on the afternoon preceding the medal day, one or two questions were dealt with which are worthy of comment. Perhaps the most important, from a purely golfing point of view, was the decision of the meeting to adopt as a local rule the facility given by the famous note to Rule 23, by which the penalty for ball out-of-bounds may be increased to loss of stroke and distance. This provision comes into immediate force, and will, presumably, be applicable to the Amateur Championship at the end of this month. It is important, therefore, that competitors in that event should clearly understand that if they drive a ball out of bounds they will be subject to the increased local penalty, and not to that laid down by the main rule, which only stipulates for mere loss of distance.

A Compromise

This decision of the Club shows clearly that the Rules Committee intended to increase the penalty in the main code, and that they were only prevented from carrying out their intention by the vigorous protests of certain clubs with peculiar out-of-bounds features on their courses. The result of this compromise is that we shall have the Amateur Championship carried out with a heavier out-of-bounds penalty than the Open Championship, since the Hoylake Club adheres to the lighter main code penalty. This diversity of practice is much to be deplored, as it is bound to lead to confusion. I trust the recalcitrant clubs will eventually come into line, and allow the rule now in force at St. Andrews, viz., loss of stroke and distance, to become the main rule, and that we shall thus get rid of the "note."

Interesting Announcements

Two interesting announcements were made to the effect that H.R.H. the Prince of Wales had accepted an invitation to become an honorary member, thus carrying on the honoured tradition of the connection of the Royal family with the Club; and that the past captains had selected Mr. H. W. Forster as the new captain, who will take office at the September meeting. The choice of Mr. Forster is a particularly happy one, both from a social and playing point of view, for he is extremely popular with all sections of golfers, and is an admirable player. The Club owes in great part the happy termination of its difficulty with the Town Council to his vigorous and able handling of the question in its last stages, and it

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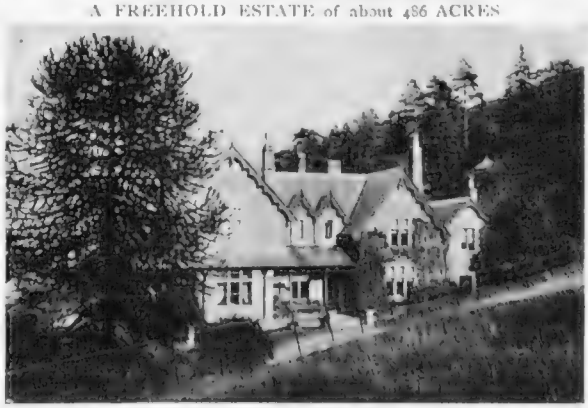

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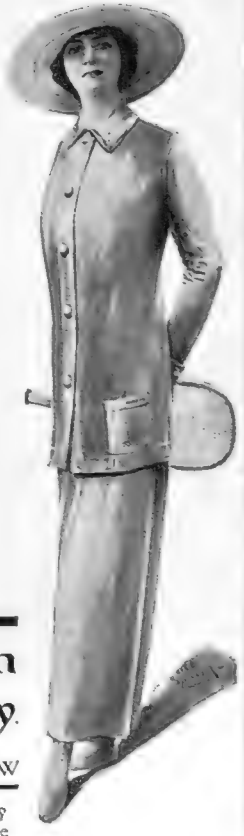

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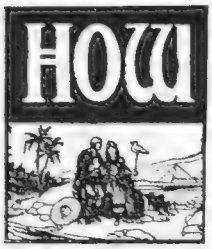

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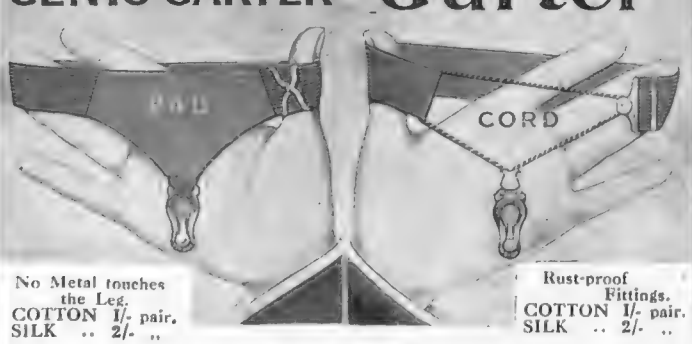

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HOP and ROSEMARY Hair Tonic

Specially prepared for them by Mrs. CULLEN, the well-known HAIR SPECIALIST.

The best remedy for Dandruff and Weakness of the Scalp and the consequent falling of the hair. A true hair tonic—not a mere stimulant—which strengthens the Scalp naturally. It clears away all acidity and thickening, and encourages the new hair to come through in a strong and healthy condition. Contains no acid. For white hair, a special preparation of Hop and Rosemary is supplied, which does not in any way discolour.

The "QUEEN" says: "This tonic is no new thing, but has played—as it still does—an important part in the work of one of our successful medical specialists; really goes to the root of hair trouble and cures it."

A lady writes:—"Your Tonic has improved my hair wonderfully, and it's a better colour now than it has been since I was a child."

2/6 per bottle, post free,
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Larger Sizes, 3/6 and 6/-
WRITE FOR DAINTY BOOKLETS.
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Come to Ghent this summer—visit the Universal and International Exhibition. See the famous city of flowers and historical monuments. Twenty-five Nations will be represented. Palace of Horticulture, Modern Village, Retrospective Exhibition of Railways, Congo Panorama and Museum, Palace of Fine Arts; a quarter of "Old Flanders"; Fields for Sport; International Regattas, Festivals, &c.

One hour from Ostend, Antwerp or Brussels. Send a stamp to Reginald Harris, 132-134, Fleet St., London, E.C., for interesting free booklet.

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Drapers, Stores, Hairdressers, Everywhere. 6d. & 1/- the Box.

Hair Wavers.

Trial Bottle. 6d.

SEEGER'S SEEGEROL FOR GREY HAIR.

Tints grey or faded hair any natural shade desired. Permanent, washable. Contains no lead, mercury, sulphur. Medical certificate accompanies each bottle. Trial bottle 7d., large case 2/2 post free, secretly packed. Chemists, Stores, Hairdressers everywhere or direct HINDES LTD., Finsbury, London.

JACKSON'S WAX POLISH

in combination with

JACKSON'S VARNISH STAIN

-an Indispensable pair

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T. S. JACKSON & SONS,
Malt Street, Old Kent Road, S.E.

BEETLES—

Every Beetle coming into proper contact with "Keating's"—DIES! Sold in Tins, not loose. 1d., 3d., 6d., 1/-

To KILL Beetles and all household insects USE:-

KEATING'S POWDER

THE FINEST ANTISEPTIC DENTIFRICE ON THE MARKET.

10½d. per Tube — Mythol — 10½d. per Tube

Mythol is a Fragrant Antiseptic Dentifrice which beautifies the teeth and prevents discoloration and decay.

MYTHOL is also a powerful deodorant, possessing penetrative properties affording complete protection against germ infection. Price 10½d. per Tube.

Of all leading Chemists and Stores.
Wholesale Depot: 15 and 17, Worship St., London.

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and keep your Furs at Home in perfect safety in a

"PANDORA" FUR SAFE

Furs and Cloth Coats always accessible on cold Summer evenings, and, when travelling, the "Pandora" can be used as a Suit Case, proving its usefulness all the year round.

Beautifully covered in Pegamoid,
Size, 29 in. by 18 in. by 8 in. **19/6**
Ditto Bound in Leather ... **35/-**
or for **14/-**
a lighter make, equally efficient for home use, is obtainable from
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If unable to obtain, send post card for booklet with name of nearest Agent to

D. F. COCKS & Co., Ltd.,
Wholesale only,
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We have now in stock a wonderful variety of Smart Bathing and Swimming Gowns. The garment sketched is a typical fashionable Swimming Costume.

FINE SILK SWIMMING COSTUME made from beautifully bright woven pure silk with real lace round neck and arms, in violet, emerald, royal, tan, navy, cerise, saxe, and in black.

PRICE **63/-**
Outsize, **78/6**

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Outsize, **39/6**

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(DEBENHAMS LIMITED)
Wigmore Street.
(Cavendish Square) London W

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IT ACCOMPANIES EVERY "OMNE TEMPUS."

"OMNE TEMPUS" (Regd.) is the only real Raincoat, because it is the only Rubberless Raincoat that bears a definite, unqualified, printed Guarantee.

Ready for wear or to measure From **45/-**

Write for patterns, "O.T." booklet, and a coat on approval.
:: Solely obtainable from ::

Samuel Brothers
UNIVERSAL OUTFITTERS LTD
65/7, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.
Or from country agents.
List of names on request.

KEEP DRY KEEP DRY

You want Beautiful Teeth

—for health's sake, for beauty's sake. It is quite easy to have pure white and beautiful teeth; to keep them in perfect condition; arrest decay.

All you require is a good brush and

ROWLAND'S ODONTO

"For *Your* Teeth."

It thoroughly cleanses the teeth and leaves a delightful fragrance in the mouth. It contains no grit, but at the same time provides the necessary friction for the teeth, so as to prevent the accumulation of tartar. This is one of the most important virtues of Rowland's Odonto, and which any dentist will bear testimony to.

Buy it, because it's best. **2/9**, of stores, chemists, and Rowland's, 67, Hatton Garden, London.

Sleeplessness and Brain-fag

are due to a disordered condition of the nerves. Wincarnis (the wine of life) is a tonic restorative, blood-maker and *nerve-food*, which strengthens and *feeds the nerves*, and speedily gives them *new* vigour, *new* vitality, and *new* life. Liberal trial bottle three penny stamps.
Coleman & Co. Ltd., Wincarnis Works, Norwich.

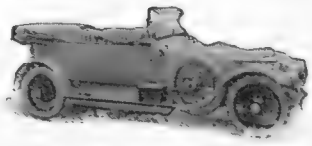
WINCARNIS

SIX OWNERS

of

ARMSTRONG-WHITWORTH CARS

wrote this advertisement.



THE Armstrong-Whitworth Car which I have had over three years has covered between 30,000 and 40,000 miles, has never stopped owing to mechanical defect, and is still running well.

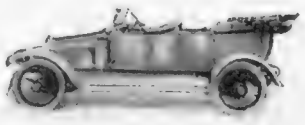
I congratulate you.

A. S.,
Helme Bank,
Kendal.

I purchased an Armstrong-Whitworth Car from Messrs. Golightly Bros., Sheffield, in the latter part of 1910. I have covered over 30,000 miles with it. I thought I would send the car to Golightly's Garage for them to examine, overhaul, and replace, or renew, any working parts showing signs of failure. Imagine my surprise when I heard nothing needed replacing or renewing, not even a nut. Really, I was told, it was equal to new.

Yours faithfully,

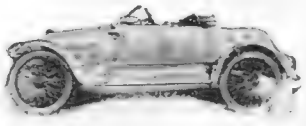
J. H. R. T.



I bought an Armstrong-Whitworth Car nearly two years ago and have accomplished 35,000 miles over all kinds of roads without a single mechanical stop. I think it a very fine performance.

Yours faithfully,

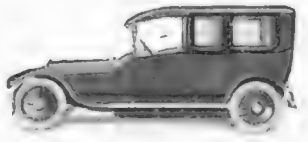
D. P.,
Pannard House,
Sevenoaks.



I took delivery of an Armstrong-Whitworth Car in March, 1911, and after running almost 20,000 miles I thought it might interest you to know how the car has behaved. Never once have I had a stoppage (tyre trouble excepted). The engine is running as quietly and as smoothly as the day I got the car.

During the latter part of last month it was my intention to have the car thoroughly overhauled, but after seeing the condition of the back axle and differential I at once saw that such a thing was unnecessary. Parts that I had expected to see showing signs of wear only appeared "polished" after all the work they had done. I have never had to renew a single part during the time, the plugs even being the original ones.

T. G. A.,
Newcastle-on-Tyne.



I take this opportunity of writing to tell you of my entire satisfaction with the Armstrong-Whitworth Car that I bought from you in October, 1909.

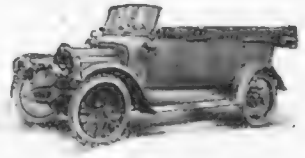
The car weighs in all about 28½ cwts.

It has now run 28,500 miles over some of the worst roads in New South Wales, Queensland and Victoria, for hire work.

After doing 25,000 miles in 14 months I took the engine to pieces. Every wearing part throughout the car was found to be in perfect order, none of the gears showing the slightest sign of wear.

After using the car about 24,000 miles I was offered three-quarters of the original cost for it by a gentleman who had travelled with me and seen its wonderful power and durability.

A. F. D. W.,
42, Victoria Street,
Sydney.



I think I have given my Armstrong-Whitworth Car a good trial, and must tell you how pleased I am with her. She weighs 27½ cwt. I have run her over 7,000 miles. The tyres on the front wheels have never been changed, and look good enough for another 1,000: the back tyres did just under 4,000 miles. I have not yet put a spanner to her, and I may say she runs as sweet as the day I took delivery. The clutch action is quite smooth, she takes the drive and glides away with remarkable sweetness. The engine power is remarkable. The steering is very light; the springing is also very satisfactory. You are quite at liberty to refer anyone to me or make what use you like of this as a testimonial.

B. J. R.,
Dorset House,
Weymouth.

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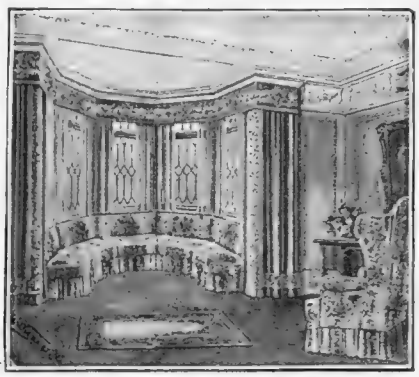

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All "Sunpruf" Fabrics are absolutely unfadable to sun, sea air, and washing, and Williamson & Cole, Ltd., will replace any "Sunpruf" material that fails to meet this guarantee.

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31-in. wide, 11½d. per yard.
Fresh Chintz Colours on Jaspe ground.

THE 'GRANVILLE' CHAIR.

Covered in Cotton, with Loose Cover of Orleigh Cretonne, complete, **29/11.**

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Reversible Cretonnes from 8½d. to 1/2¾ per yard.

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50in. Printed Cottons, Linens, and Taffetas from 1/4¾ per yd.

Hundreds of designs and colourings to select from.

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Patterns post free upon application.

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Corset Gaine

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COCOA
as a Daily Beverage

Savory and Moore's preparation of Cocoa and Milk, as a daily beverage, makes a very pleasant change for those who are tired of Tea and Coffee, especially when the latter prove indigestible, as is so often the case.

Savory and Moore's Cocoa and Milk is highly nourishing, of delicious flavour, and perfectly easy of digestion, even by those who are quite unable to take tea, coffee or cocoa in the ordinary form. Moreover, it can be made in a moment as hot water only is required.

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Tins 2s. 6d. and 1s. 6d., of all Chemists and Stores.

SAMPLE FOR 3D. POST FREE.

A Trial Tin of the Cocoa and Milk will be sent by return, post free, for 3d. Mention "The Bystander" and address—Savory & Moore, Ltd., Chemists to The King, 143a, New Bond Street, London.

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ROCHE'S HERBAL EMBROCATION.

The Celebrated Effectual Cure without Internal Medicine.
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"Baroness Meltzing requests Messrs. Edwards to despatch six bottles of Roche's Herbal Embrocation, used for children having Hooping-Cough, to her Royal Highness the Duchess of Cumberlund.—Penzing, Vienna, 24th March, 1889."
The above order was repeated 1894, 1899, 1903, and 1905.

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"Two others to me, Princess Windischgraetz, Meran, Tyrol."

Sold by Druggists throughout the United Kingdom, the Colonies, and Abroad
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'K' 14/9

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In Fine Glazed Kid, with smart patent facings and cap. Fashioned to a new model of exceptional elegance, with taper toe. The Shoe is a dream of daintiness and style ... **14/9**

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DELICIOUS COFFEE.
RED WHITE & BLUE
For Breakfast & After Dinner.
In making use less quantity, it being so much stronger than ordinary COFFEE.

APPROPRIATE STATIONERY!

No matter what the importance of the letter you write may be, use the best paper—

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You will like its finish, its smoothness, and the freedom with which your ordinary or fountain pen glides over it.

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£2,000 will be paid by The Ocean Accident and Guarantee Corporation, Limited, Principal Offices, Nos. 36 to 44, Moorgate Street, London, E.C., to the legal personal representative of the *bona-fide* holder of this Coupon-Insurance-Ticket, if such holder shall be killed by an accident within the United Kingdom to any passenger-train, public omnibus, tram-car, or four-wheeled or hansom cab (driven by a licensed driver plying for public hire), in which such holder is travelling as an ordinary ticket-bearing or fare-paying passenger, season ticket-holder, or trader's ticket-holder; or **£1,000** will be paid by the Corporation to the legal personal representative of such holder, if such holder shall be killed by an accident, in any part of the world, to any passenger-steamer in which such holder is travelling as a fare-paying passenger; or should such holder sustain an injury, caused by an accident as above defined, which shall not prove fatal as aforesaid, but cause the Loss of Two Limbs (both arms or both legs, or one of each, by actual separation above the wrist or ankle), the Corporation will pay to such holder £1,000; or for the Loss of One Limb, under aforesaid conditions, £500.

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Signature.....

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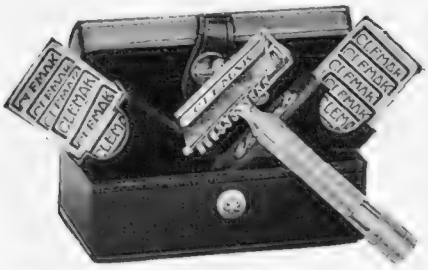

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Safest. Outlasts all others.

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ADJUSTABLE CHAIRS

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The Upholstery is exceptionally soft and deep, with spring elastic edges.

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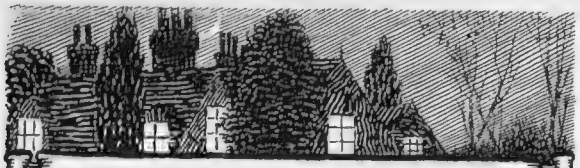

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EDMUNDSON'S

will install in your own house an automatic electric light plant which actually works itself, and requires no attention whatever beyond the occasional lubrication and providing of fuel for the engine. An unskilled servant can do the necessary work without any knowledge of electricity or mechanics whatever.

The batteries provide a constant supply of current. When you have used a certain amount this new engine automatically starts working to recharge the batteries. When they are fully charged the engine stops, starting again only when the pressure in the batteries drops below a certain point.

A steady light is maintained whilst the engine is running.

ADVICE AND ESTIMATES FREE.

Those who would like to install electricity in their houses without the cost and trouble of providing and maintaining their own plant should write for particulars of our new system, by which we supply a complete electric lighting plant and maintain same in working order, charging by meter for the amount of electricity consumed. The fullest particulars of this special scheme can be had on application to

Edmundson's Electricity Corporation, Ltd.,

Broad Sanctuary Chambers, Westminster, London, S.W.

Telegrams: "Edmundsons, London."
Telephones: 2311 Victoria (3 Lines).

Scottish Address:—
Electricity Works,
Inverness.

Irish Address:—
32, York Street,
St. Stephen's Green,
Dublin.

Do you Golf?

If so, you will be interested in the Blurton Golf Shoe which is specially designed to give a rock-steady foothold when the player is making a stroke. There are also several refinements in the modelling that make for greater comfort and better service.

We have made a success of post orders — and do guarantee to fit you or refund money.

PRICE **25/-**

Write To-day for Leaflet on

Blurton's GOLF SHOE

The Blurton Golf Shoe is made in a rich deep brown leather which thoroughly resists wet, wears splendidly, and retains its good appearance. Get a pair and you will find them the best you have ever had.

Address to:—

T. R. BLURTON & Co
176 & 177 STRAND, LONDON, W.C

E. RAY,

THE OPEN GOLF CHAMPION, writes:

58, Lower Paddock Rd., Oxhey, Watford, Herts.

July 24th, 1912.

Messrs. F. & J. Smith.

Dear Sirs,

I might say that I have been a regular smoker of your Glasgow Mixture for the last twelve years, and I might also say that I cannot find any tobacco to suit me like it. In my opinion if Golf Players would smoke your famous Glasgow Mixture, they would find it very soothing to the Nerves, as I am sure I do when having to play strenuous Golf matches such as the Open Championship.

Yours truly,
E. RAY.

SMITH'S GLASGOW MIXTURE

Sold in Three Strengths—Mild, Medium, and Full. 5d. per oz. 10d. per 2-oz. 1/8 per ¼-lb.

A Testing Sample will be forwarded free on application.

F. & J. Smith, Branch of the Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd., Glasgow.

is, therefore, peculiarly appropriate that the Club should be under his guidance during the year when the new act governing the links comes into force. It is good news to hear that the Act which sets the seal on the peace treaty between Club and Council is likely to receive the Royal Assent in June, and that the tariff on the old course will be in operation about the middle of July. It was also decided to change the date for the Calcutta Cup from August to the middle of September. I imagine this change is dictated by the crowded aspect of the course in the first holiday month.

ERNEST LEHMANN

ON THE LINKS AT LE TOUQUET

Where the girl caddies are many. The photograph shows a group of them

Most golfers who are keen enough on the game—and who isn't?—and want a summer golfing holiday are on the outlook at this time of the year for the "ideal holiday course." In looking for this course the average man with a family is faced with the question, "Where can I find a good course by the sea and in conjunction with it such seaside attractions as my family can also enjoy?" As a rule, he wants quite a small village within easy reach of a fair-sized town, whither he may resort *en famille* occasionally for a visit to the theatre, "a band on the pier," and other things near which he doesn't want to take up a permanent abode during his month by the sea, though he recognises that they are a useful change from the quiet of a sea-side village. Turnberry, in Ayrshire, satisfies all these conditions. There is a delightful golf course there, a bracing climate, long stretches of "golden sands," and delightful bathing. In addition there is a hotel—approached from the small railway station by a covered passage—in which are to be found all the comforts and luxuries of any large city hotel. Prestwick, Troon, Ballantrae, and Ayr are all within easy reach of Turnberry.

Yachting Cruises among the Norway Fjords

Sports on board the R.M.S.P. "ARCADIAN."—"Cock-Fighting."

by R.M.S.P. "Arcadian"

The Cruises by this magnificent Ocean Yachting Steamer afford varied and entrancing attractions, and the combined arrangements by sea and land give opportunities of visiting the greater number of the most famous beauty spots in Vikingland.
The first Cruise is from Southampton, Grimsby and Leith, on May 30, 31 and June 1, to North Cape, or the land of Midnight Sun, visiting also many Fjords. Second Cruise is from Grimsby and Leith on June 18 and 19, visiting all the most beautiful Fjords

Some of the special features of the "Arcadian" are:
All cabins fitted with bedsteads instead of berths; single-bedded rooms; promenade deck full length of vessel; electric fans in all cabins: electric laundry; swimming bath; gymnasium; no cargo carried; sports, dancing, concerts, &c. The public rooms vie with those of a high-class modern hotel.
From £1 a day.
Illustrated Programme free from **The Royal Mail Steam Packet Co.**, London: 18, Moorgate Street, E.C., or 32, Cockspur Street. S.W.

HAIR COLOURING

We guarantee to colour the Hair to any perfectly natural shade, leaving the Hair clean and soft.

HAIR COLOURING POWDER is a wonderful permanent restorer for WHITE, GREY, or FADED HAIR. It can be used with perfect safety on the most delicate skin. KOPATINE, is used daily in our Saloons, with the greatest success, and is invaluable for Ladies for use at home. Any colour.
Price 5/9.
Postage free.

KOPATINE INSTANTANEOUS.
Ready for use immediately, and is particularly suitable for ladies who have had no previous experience in HAIR COLOURING.
One application only gives the desired shade.
Price 5/10.
Postage free.

CAMOMILE OZONIFICE
is especially effective for COLOURLESS and FADED HAIR.
It is a sure correction of Nature's shortcomings, giving the hair a permanent radiant lustre. No shampooing before or after. It can be applied by ladies in the privacy of their own rooms.
Price 5/10
Postage free.

Maison George,
Specialist in Hair Colouring,
40, BUCKINGHAM PALACE ROAD,
LONDON, S.W.

D. H. EVANS & Co., Ltd.,

INEXPENSIVE READY-TO-WEAR HAT

PRICE
5/11

Inexpensive Sports Hat in Towel Cloth, Brim underlined Silk, trimmed Berries at side. In Saxe, Green, Purple, Heliotrope, White, Tan, Saxe lined Purple, Purple lined Saxe, White lined Saxe, White lined Black.

290 to 322, Oxford St., LONDON, W.

Only Address. No Branches Anywhere. (Bond St. nearest Tube Station)

POOLE & LORD

Established 1858.

Gentlemen's Shirt Cutters, Hosiers and Outfitters.

Inventors of the "SANS PLIS" SHIRT.

Inventors of the "Sans Plis" Shirt for Indian and Colonial wear, being entirely free from gathers, makes it cooler in wear and stronger for Native washing than any other. Makers of the "Service" shirt for sporting wear, giving ease and comfort, combined with smart appearance.

Made to measure.

Longcloth, Pure Linen Fittings, 8/6 & 9/6.
Zephyr & Madras, 9/6. Wool Taffeta & Flannel, 13/6.
Cashmere, 15/6. English Spun Silk, 25/6.

322, OXFORD ST., W., (nearly opposite Bond Street)

BURBERRY

WEATHERPROOF DRESS.

"Embodies every requisite that contributes to comfort and enjoyment of outdoor pastimes."

BURBERRY MODELS aid dexterity in sport and games by ensuring absolute freedom, whilst at the same time they impart inimitable distinction and grace.

BURBERRY FABRICS provide an almost unlimited choice of delightful cloths—artistic in colourings and patterns—which, woven and proofed by Burberrys, afford efficient security against the worst weather vicissitudes.

Illustrated Catalogue and Patterns of Burberry Materials Post Free.

Burberry Sport Dress.

Consisting of a smart workmanlike suit; the Burberry for wet or cold days; and a Suede Burberry hat trimmed with leather flowers, or gamebird mount.

BURBERRYS Haymarket, LONDON;
8 & 10 Bd. Malesherbes, PARIS; and Provincial Agents.

"The Car that has set the fashion to the Motoring World."

Austin

Superior Workmanship

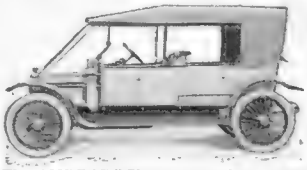
is seen in every detail of the Austin car. Both chassis and coachwork are designed and built to give all-round efficient service. Pleasing in appearance and possessing unusual comfort, the Austin is in every sense a most desirable vehicle.

Send for illustrated catalogues of chassis and coachwork, or arrange for a trial run.

MODELS:

10 h.p.	4-cylinder, Chassis with tyres (at works),	£260
20 h.p.	,, ,, ,, ,, ,,	£375
30 h.p.	,, ,, ,, ,, ,,	£550

(Also 4-cylinder, 15 h.p. and 18-24 h.p.).



A type of four-seated Phaeton which will be found very suitable for general work.

The "SIRDAR" Phaeton on 10 h.p. chassis.

Price of Carriage work for 8ft. 3in. or 9ft. Wheelbase, £60

THE AUSTIN MOTOR Co., Ltd.
Longbridge Works, Northfield, Birmingham.
London: 479-483, Oxford St., W. (near Marble Arch)
And at Manchester, Norwich, and Paris.

Supreme

SUNBEAM

Triumphs on Land and Sea.

Coupe de L'Auto.

The greatest road race of all time. Sunbeam Cars, pitted against the pick of the world's best makes, accomplished a magnificent performance, finishing

1st, 2nd & 3rd,

WINNING THE GRAND PRIX DE REGULARITÉ OF £400.

Monaco Motor Boat Races.

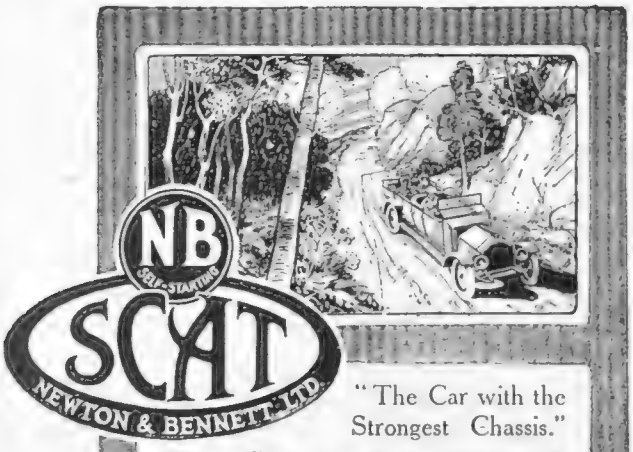
Sunbeam-engined boats secured **Three First, One Second, Two Third, and Two Fourth Places,** won **£232 PRIZE MONEY** and the **100 GUINEA INTERNATIONAL CUP** offered by the British Motor Boat Club.

THESE SUCCESSES were achieved with the famous 12-16 h.p. engines (£4 4s. 0d. Tax)—identical with those used in **Standard** Sunbeam Cars.

Lancashire A.C. Hill Climb (May 3).

In Class IV. the 16-20 h.p. Sunbeam was awarded a **SILVER CUP** for **HIGHEST EFFICIENCY** in its class.

THE SUNBEAM MOTOR CAR CO., LTD.,
UPPER VILLIERS STREET, WOLVERHAMPTON.
MANCHESTER: 112, DEANSGATE.
Agents for London & District: J. Keele, Ltd., 72, New Bond St., W.



"The Car with the Strongest Chassis."

The Car that revels in hard work.

ITS virility has been proved by twice winning the Targa Florio—in 1911 and 1912—an achievement as yet unequalled. If your district is hilly and the roads are rough have a Self-Starting S.C.A.T. It will not fail you.

Chassis Prices:

22 h.p.—£435 Bore 100, Stroke 150
15 h.p.—£335 Bore 85, Stroke 120

May we send you Catalogue?

Newton & Bennett, Ltd.
LONDON 46, Knightsbridge, S.W.
MANCHESTER 35, King St. West

Godbold.

Distinguished Users of Victor Tyres.

(I.) RUDYARD KIPLING.

One of the most notable forces in literature. Born Bombay, December 30th, 1865. He made his literary début in 1884, but began seriously to count upon publication of "Departmental Ditties" (1886), "Plain Tales from the Hills" (1888) and "Soldiers Three" (1889). Since when publishers have fought for his output. A virile writer, every line compact of experience and knowledge of uncanny intimacy; every phrase pregnant with suggestion. A motorist of long standing and a user of Victor Tyres.

Victor Tyres are chosen by motorists of experience for their superlative qualities of endurance, wall strength, and resilience. By any test they are best. The Tyre Trial confirmed general experience. Victor Tyres are at least 1,000 miles better.

THE VICTOR TYRE Co. Ltd.,

Proprietors of the Challenge Rubber Mills, Eagle Wharf Road, City Road, London, N. Telegrams: "Signature Hox, London." Telephone 3497 North (three lines).

MADE TO A PRINCE'S DESIGN

Prince Friedrich Sigismund, a second cousin of the Kaiser, seated in a monoplane made to his own design. The Prince, who has made a number of highly successful flights in his monoplane, is a lieutenant in the Prussian Foot Guards, and is a promising recruit to military aviation in Germany

MOTORING: BY LAND, SEA, and SKY

BY ALEX. J. M. GRAY

A New Terror

I have to offer becoming thanks in that, although I was on the road for three days, representing a matter of about 400 miles, the tyres of my 18-22 h.-p. Buick did not once encounter a wire nail stuck through a leather sucker inscribed with the tiresomely familiar and increasingly unpopular war-whoop, "Votes for Women." If it did, the nail could not have been effectively planted. For which relief deponent is particularly grateful, because although the standard Buick boasts a set of quickly detachable rims, and tyre-changing is greatly facilitated thereby, it is not a pleasant thing, nor a remotely desirable thing to have to deal with a flat cover, particularly upon a holiday run. It is irritating enough when product of the natural chances of the road; but to know it as the outcome of malicious deliberation, is to make for fury tearing all its hair. The one comfortable reflection upon this latest expression of pitiable hysteria is that, as the "Movement" depends mainly upon the contributions of comparatively rich people, most of whom will own motor-cars, there is an excellent chance of this nail and leather chicken coming home to roost. I sincerely trust it will roost thoroughly, and at a time when the supporter is in a place where remedy is difficult and the conditions of waiting extremely unpleasant.

Concerning the Buick

During that period of test—and the weather conditions were very severe at times—the Buick ran in a way to gratify the soul of any owner. It ran quietly, and it ran powerfully, taking its hills at a speed that was very grateful because nothing could catch it up without permission, and very few things could keep it back if it wanted to pass. It is an excellent vehicle for the tour for the reason that once familiar with its ways (about half an hour at most) you can forget all about it, and let it run itself, save for steering, the accelerator pedal and the occasional waggle of the change-speed lever, while you set your thoughts on things above or upon the happenings of the road—however you prefer it. It is a car, too, as its splendid record proves, of very notable durability, demonstrated over many years, and of equally notable economy. As my speedometer refused to work I had no chance of measuring petrol consumption, but I should place it at something over 20 m.p.g.—which for an 18-22 h.-p., running hard, was quite good enough. Four-cylinder, with complete dual ignition, a three-

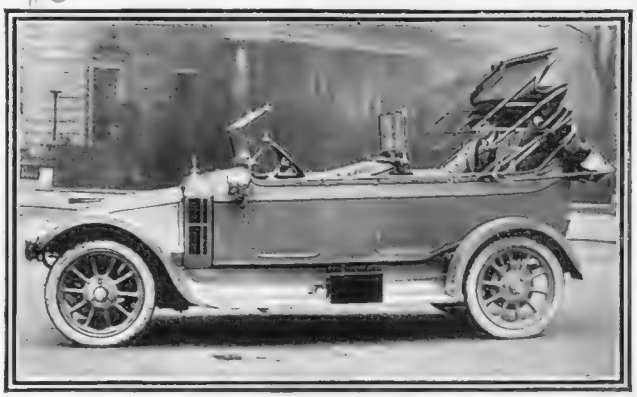
OFF TO THE LINKS

A scene suggesting the many pleasures to be found by golfing in conjunction with an R.C.H. car

speed gear-box neatly controlled, strong and fast and quiet, it is assuredly a car for careful consideration if a new vehicle is in contemplation.

Petrol Prices

Writing of petrol consumption reminds me that over a recent test with three vehicles, each run partly on first-grade spirit and partly on second, I found not the slightest difference in any quality—engine power, speed, or m.p.g. I believe under analysis the chemical difference is a negligible quantity. It is, indeed, often alleged that both grades come out of the same tank. In that case why a second grade? Is it a sort of salve for a pocket outraged most indecently by continually rising prices? It so it is no more than a tuppenny salve — fourpence per can. If the Chancellor can contrive to give us ninepence for this fourpence, he will have rendered service to a very deserving class, and his petitioners may even be disposed to pray. If he cannot, we are in a parlous state, because, responsive to demand, the price of benzol is 1*s.* 3*d.*, and cannot readily be had at that. Moreover, I have a presentiment that even when the Del Monte and other processes have augmented supply to a point in excess of demand, we may have a combine of benzol manufacturers in quest of the Holy Grail of all commercial Galahads. Its a hard world for deserving folk who are not in on a successful combine's "ground floor."



THE AUSTER SHIELD HOOD

Shown on a large and luxurious 15.9 Arrol-Johnston Car

In Compression

An illustration of Dunlop detachable wheels on Colonel Denny's 25-50 h.-p. Argyll car after a collision is a liberal education in the strength of the Dunlop detachables. The car was shattered in a desperate manner, but the wheels came through unscathed. Which only goes to prove that you always *can* tell when it bears the name of Dunlop

---

A letter from the Rudge-Whitworth Company deals with, and disposes of, sundry rumours, particularly the one relating to a general reduction in the price of Rudge motor-bicycles. The question of price does not enter into serious consideration with the makers of the Rudge. First it is efficiency and reliability and materials. The price of these, plus labour and a profit margin, leave no room for reduction; nor has the Company need to worry about it. Its policy has put the Rudge machine in the front rank of the world's motor-cycles and the front rank of demand. That disposes of the rumour referred to.

A further tribute to the virtues of Avon tyre materials and the reputation which the firm's goods have so thoroughly won is in the fact that Avon solid band tyres are now in use on Government mail vans and a fleet of L.G.O. vehicles in service in greater London.

Chief Scout Lieut.-General Sir R. Baden-Powell recently received at the hands of the Duke of Connaught (President) the wedding present subscribed to by members of the Boy Scout Association. It took the form of a very distinguished 20 h.-p. All-British Standard model "O" single landaulette with four-speed gear-box. Whoever chose the car chose wisely as well as appropriately.

HOBSON-POGNON PLUGS proved their high efficiency at Monaco. They were fitted to the "Vonna," which made the best time in the flying mile, and the Bréguet biplane, which won the Grand Prix de Monaco.—BOUGIE POGNON, Ltd., 29, Vauxhall Bridge Rd., S.W.

The KLAXON Co., LTD., 41, Great Portland Street, W., have recently introduced a new instrument called the KLAXON-A, motor driven and selling at £3 15*s.* 0*d.*, or complete with dry battery, £4 4*s.* 0*d.*

ON THE ROAD BETWEEN SPEZIA AND PISA

Showing a six-cylinder Armstrong-Whitworth car touring in Italy. The spot depicted is close to the famous marble quarries in the Pisa district

Five Years Ago

the Adler was **pre-eminent,** as proved by the "Highest Awards" it earned in the Great Reliability Trials of 1908-9.

To-Day

there is

No better Car on the road

than the New

14-18 h.p. ADLER

1913 Model, with Superb

Morgan Coachwork.

We have no hesitation in guaranteeing this and invite you to have a Trial Run.

Early Deliveries can be given.

MORGAN & Co., Ltd.,
127, LONG ACRE, W.C., and
10, OLD BOND STREET, W.

THE "Bristol" SCHOOLS

AT
SALISBURY PLAIN & BROOKLANDS
OFFER
EXCEPTIONAL FACILITIES
TO THOSE DESIROUS OF
LEARNING TO FLY.

THE IDEAL EQUIPMENT
AND
EXPERT INSTRUCTORS
HAVE MADE THEM
THE FINEST SCHOOLS IN THE COUNTRY.

SPECIALLY REDUCED FEES TO SERVICE OFFICERS.

The British & Colonial Aeroplane Co. Ltd.
FILTON HOUSE, BRISTOL.

AN EASTERN INSPIRATION

MATINÉE

HAND-MADE TURKISH Cigarettes

Cool · Pure · Fragrant

SIZE. 1— 2/- FOR 25 SIZE. 3— 1/8 FOR 25

OF ALL HIGH CLASS TOBACCONISTS
WEST END DEPOT:
WHITMORE & BAYLEY . 163A. Piccadilly. London.W.

150

There is a subtle difference

in the running of a Triumph Motor Cycle. The engine is so flexible that it is difficult to imagine it capable of developing so much power.

The steepest hill can be negotiated without a falter, traffic can be threaded at walking pace, and the speed quickly accelerated to 50 miles per hour, and all the while it is under the most complete control.

Prices from £49 5 0

TRIUMPH

TRIUMPH CYCLE Co., Ltd., (Dept. R) COVENTRY
London, Leeds, Manchester, Glasgow. *Agents Everywhere.*

No. 12.

SWIFT.

SURE.

Dainty Frocks Carefully Cleaned in Four Days by Achille Serre.

Light costumes for Summer functions receive most careful attention and are returned after Four Days, looking as fresh and clean as they were when new—there is no risk of injury to material or design.

Appreciations of our methods arrive by every post, the Ladies' Papers praise the excellence of our work, and we know that the Achille Serre Standard is high enough to add your name to our ever growing list of satisfied customers.

You will be wearing your Summer party dresses soon, will you please let us call for them and restore their daintiness ready for when you need them.

Write for latest Booklet, with address of Branch or Agent nearest to you.

Achille Serre Ltd.

Hackney Wick, London.

Branches and Agencies Everywhere.

45

Fashion's Fancies.

By MRS. JACK MAY

Parasols Again

SOMETHING more than a mere cursory glance is required to take in the number of new shapes that have put in an appearance. An extreme novelty is elliptical in form, while another is a regular pagoda. Perhaps the really most distinctive is the high dome of small circumference. This is a sunshade very much *en rapport* with the small hat. Another style shows a multiplicity of ribs. But nothing capable of bringing variety to bear on the subject has been overlooked. There is a marked feeling for a deep black border, which is variously woven in, or applied, silk, satin, velvet, or *crêpe de Chine* all being requisitioned. Although the majority of patterned silks used are lumped together and designated *chine*, this scarcely does justice to the really beautiful character of the designs, imprinted on silks specially woven for the purpose of parasols. The all-over *chine* pattern is only used on the very cheapest models.

A Marvellous Mantle

Extremely smart is a black-and-white Bayadère stripe silk with a deep black ribbon border, and *appliqué* lace is used extensively, lace both fine and coarse, together with the daintiest flowered *mousseline de soie* for linings. As to the mantles! Well, they shall be another story. For I am craving to tell of a marvellous mantle I chanced upon at Marshall and Snelgrove's, Oxford Street. It was one of those jolly half-length affairs, very flat and free about the shoulders, and nipped in at the hem, fashioned of soft black satin, lined throughout, and only 98*s.* 6*d.* Or a similar model for those who prefer it can be had in *broché* at 6½ gns. There is no question at all but that the properly equipped wardrobe must contain one of these charming little *manteaux* this season. Visitors from the country up for their annual London jaunt should really look in at Marshall and Snelgrove's on this model, which would serve them equally well for day or evening wear, and prove one of those stand-by possessions so dear to the heart of the woman with only average social vicissitudes to meet.

A BLACK SATIN MANTLE

Lined with blush-pink satin, veiled ninon in the same shade, and mounted on a yoke of clear black

(Sketched at Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford Street, by Dorothy Millar)

Exclusive Models

I noticed during the visit that the mantle *salon* here had been extended, a significant fact, and was graciously privileged to inspect some of the most recent and exclusive models. These are one and all more beautiful than the other, a particularly noticeable example being of the softest black satin, lined through with blush-pink satin, veiled *ninon* in the same delicate shade, and mounted on a deep fancifully shaped yoke of clear black-embroidered in fine jet beads. And this it is that forms the subject of my first sketch this week. A side back view has been taken, so that the whole silhouette of the yoke is realised, a fascinating completing note being imparted by an extremely light *plissé* black tulle

HARRODS

LONDON * PARIS * BERLIN * BUENOS AYRES

Latest Novelties in Hair Ornaments

Illustration shows

A.F. 117.
Paste Band, with upstanding classical Grecian Key Mount, Claw Setting. Also in Black and Grey.
18/9

A.F. 5296.
Pretty Diamante Band, Tulle Bow at side. In all Colours.
12/9

A.F. 5508.
Becoming Coronet Paste Band. Also in Black and Grey.
29/6

A.F. 5769.
Beautiful Grey and White Diamante Band, with Fan-shaped White Osprey. Also in All White.
6 Gns.

A.F. 5774.
Effective Band of Jet and Paste, with Ornament of same edged with Black Goura.
39/6

A.F. 5776.
Smart Goura Quill, with Paste up centre. In all Colours.
19/6

A.F. 5839.
Head Dress of two Quills of Black Osprey, with Diamante up stem and single row of same.
27/6

A.F. 5852.
Short Paste Band, with two curved Antennae. In several Colours.
12/9

HARRODS LTD RICHARD BURBIDGE MANAGING DIRECTOR BROMPTON Rd LONDON·S·W

THE "SWAN"

ranks as the standard fountain pen not only for quality, high finish and reliability, but also for progressive improvement. Moreover every "Swan" is guaranteed.

The perfect tempering of the gold nib, the smooth and lasting iridium point imparting a velvet touch, and the "ladder" feed that ensures an even flow of ink always—these features have popularised the "Swan." Why not get a "Swan" and secure immunity from all writing troubles?

PRICES from 10/6.
OF ALL STATIONERS AND JEWELLERS.
New Catalogue free on request.
MABIE, TODD & CO., 78 & 80, High Holborn, London, W.C.

and great *nœud* of black velvet catching the fronts together. The elegance of this all-black scheme, save for the glint of pink through the interstices of the jetted net, can doubtless be easily imagined, and it is only one of many of a like character.

In Blue Brocade

A lovely deep hyacinth-blue brocade is trimmed with marabout in tone, and arranged in quite original manner, with one of those extremely deep yokes and similarly deep hem, and between these two the material is arranged with a slight fulness, while on a smart navy silk rep mantle a wonderfully telling outline is achieved with heavy pipings, one of these indicating a high curved waistline at the back, finished at either end, with a scroll device and long silk tassels, this style being again drawn in very much at the feet.

Then an exceptionally regal affair is of that wonderful Lamé brocade, in which tinsel plays so large a part, the colourings recalling a delicate Paisley design. And picking up one note of colour in this is a handsome feather boa of Sèvres blue, which gives a particular *cachet*, while a shot mauve chiffon for the *doublure* is evidently suggested by another. But the whole scheme is gorgeously Eastern in intention, and well worthy the present season, which is so extraordinarily rich in lovely clothes.

Photograph *Louis Langfier*

MRS. R. G. EDWARDS

In Court dress. Mrs. Edwards was presented on May 7 by Mr. Ernest Villiers

The Craze for Tulle

Tulle is taking a very easily leading place in the realms of transparencies. Wherever the eye turns it is greeted with confections of the exquisite Devonshire tulles, which, like other qualities, are all rendered impervious to atmospheric conditions. If you buy one of the sweet little *plissé* bows for the throat it is proudly proclaimed rainproof. Ruffles are legion, and offered in immense diversity of size and style. Decidedly the most comfortable for summer are those small and closely pleated which terminate either side the front, and are just held together by a narrow ribbon velvet. But vanity will assuredly support some great flopping ruffles, which promise to prove a very host of decoration to a simple summer gown.

As a millinerial decoration, tulle, again, can do no wrong, and it is many a day since we had anything more becoming and attractive than the flat double fold projecting beyond the stiffened brim of a hat. The constant movement of this ephemerality is very seductive, and as a finish to a smart little sports hat for tennis or croquet, or the river, it is going to find one of its best successes.

Trimming for Hats

On a slightly burnt straw sailor, this trimming of tulle was arranged to tone, while round the crown there was carried a regular delphinium-blue ribbon that finished at the extreme edge of the brim at the back in sharp outstanding loops. The accompanying sports costume comprised a skirt of fine serge in the same shade of blue, and knitted silk coat, the latter worn over a very cool *décolleté* white *ninon* shirt. Reverting to tulle, infinitely the most *chic* afternoon blouses are built of it, and are kept as simple and fragile as possible, mounted, perhaps, over tiny camisoles of lace, held up by ribbon shoulder-straps, and the edges either whipped over or laid in deep hems that are hand-stitched.

Care of the Teeth

Since attention to the teeth is now universally recognised as an essential, the number of toothpastes naturally is legion, few are good, most are mediocre, and the others positively harmful. There has recently entered into the field "Mythol," of which much can be said in its favour, since it really does possess, in a full measure, the qualities claimed for it—it does prevent discolouration and decay, and it also does protect against germ infection. "Mythol" is in those familiar tubes that run out a ribbon of paste upon the tooth-brush, and is most pleasant to use. "Mythol" is sold by most chemists and stores at 10½*d.* per tube and the manufacturer, Mr. Arthur Berliner, of Worship Street, London, E.C., although unknown to the general public, has enjoyed for many years a reputation among chemists for the high standard of his preparations.

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The Menu: Fish Salads and Mayonnaise

IN making a salad-dressing it is important that it should be made in a very cool place, that the best oil and vinegar should be used, and that it should be placed on ice, if possible, until required for table. The following recipe for mayonnaise is a good one.

Mayonnaise Sauce

Take two yolks of eggs, one teaspoonful of French mustard, half a teaspoonful of salt, a pinch of pepper, one tablespoonful of tarragon vinegar, about one pint of Lucca oil, and about one tablespoonful of cream. Put the yolks into a basin, add the mustard raw (not mixed), salt and pepper, stir quickly with a wooden spoon, adding, drop by drop at first, and gradually more, the salad oil, and at intervals a few drops of vinegar. The vinegar is added when the sauce appears too thick. By stirring well the mixture should become the consistency of a very thick cream. At last, add the raw cream, stirring all the time. A little cold water may be added if found too thick.

Mayonnaise of Salmon

Free the fish from skin and bones, and flake it not too small. Trim, wash, and drain two small cabbage lettuces, break the leaves into pieces (do not cut them), and remove the heart portion for garnishing. Put a tablespoonful of mayonnaise on a deep round dish; upon this place a handful of lettuce leaves, next spread over some mayonnaise, and put a layer of cold fish upon this. Proceed thus until the fish and lettuce are used up, then coat over the whole with more mayonnaise, and garnish with hearts of lettuces, hard-boiled egg, fillets of anchovies, capers, and stoned olives. If the mayonnaise is not sufficiently seasoned, add some salt and pepper to the fish and salad.

Stuffed Tomatoes with Fish

Take some cold fish—salmon, turbot, or sole—previously freed from skin and bones, flake it finely, and mix it carefully with well-seasoned mayonnaise sauce, with which some finely chopped gherkins have been blended. Cut out the centre of six or eight even-sized tomatoes, squeeze out carefully the seeds as well as some of the juice, and place them on ice for an hour or until required for table. To serve, fill the prepared tomatoes with the fish mixture. Dish up neatly, and garnish the top of each tomato with a round of hard-boiled white of egg, and serve.

Lobster Salad in Aspic

Pour liquid aspic jelly into a border mould to the depth of half an inch, and let it set. Have ready the meat of a lobster, cut into small pieces, lay it in a circle in the mould, but not touching the sides. When the top of the mould is reached, fill up with more aspic jelly, and put it away to set. Clean a lettuce and break it up. When the mould is set, turn out the jelly and fill the centre with the lettuce, over which pour plenty of mayonnaise sauce, garnish with cucumber and hard-boiled eggs, and keep very cold (on ice if possible) until served. This dish can also be made with prawns or shrimps, salmon or turbot.

Sardine Salads (Cold)

These should be served in little paper cases, one to each person. Skin and bone the sardines, and divide them into small pieces. Boil one fair-sized onion, and chop it very finely, break up also very finely some of the heart of a lettuce. Place a layer of lettuce in each case, then a tiny sprinkling of onion, then the sardine, and finish with another layer of lettuce. Hard-boil the required number of eggs, and chop them up finely, but before putting a final layer of egg, pour some mayonnaise or a plain oil and vinegar dressing over the lettuce. Heap up the egg and garnish with coralline pepper.

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13 0	x 9 1	11 0 0	16 8	x 11 11	18 9 6	18 5	x 12 2	20 17 0
13 10	x 10 0	12 17 6	16 11	x 10 0	15 15 0	18 6	x 10 10	18 13 0
15 6	x 13 1	18 17 6	16 7	x 12 11	19 18 6	18 0	x 10 9	18 5 6
15 8	x 9 2	13 7 6	16 10	x 11 0	17 4 6	18 2	x 10 0	16 18 6
15 9	x 12 0	17 12 0	17 9	x 13 1	21 12 6	18 1	x 14 4	24 2 6
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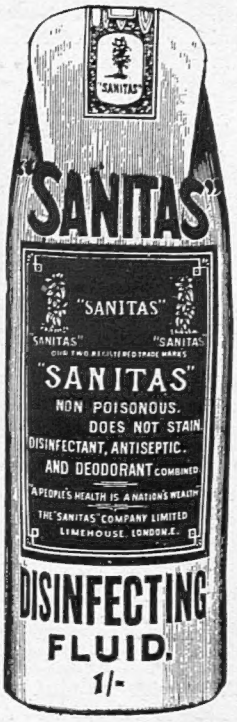

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The Editor's Box

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Such is the amount of "the crature" capable of being stored in Messrs. John Dewar and Sons' new bonded warehouse, lately opened at Perth. The total floorage is of three acres, the warehouse is heated by steam-pipes, lighted by electricity, airy, and well-ventilated, and, in fact, all that a warehouse should be. Unique contrivances for filling the vats have been put up, and two vats can now be filled simultaneously, an extraordinary amount of time being thereby saved.

Out of the Turmoil

It is one of the most remarkable things about all great cities that a man can be one moment amid the roar of the traffic in a great thoroughfare and after turning down a side street find himself in comparative quiet, though still within a few yards of his former position. The new Hotel Edward VII. in Paris illustrates this. It is in the quietest of situations, and yet is quite close to the theatres, the *grands magasins*, and the Rue de la Paix. The hotel is in every respect an excellent one, and includes 250 rooms.

"Come Over Here"

The new revue at the London Opera House continues to attract large audiences. Bookings, I am told, are being made two months ahead. This revue has "caught on," and Society with a capital "S" is finding its way to Kingsway. An important engagement this week is that of Madame Kavetska, a Polish lady of remarkable personal attractions, who sings and whistles to her own pianoforte accompaniments.

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The Anglo-German Exhibition

A great exhibition is rapidly becoming a looked-for event in the annual national programme of amusements; and the general public, which of recent years has had its taste whetted for this most intellectual form of entertainment, will doubtless be inquiring very shortly as to what is to be *the* show of the year. Without doubt the historic and famous Crystal Palace will once again draw its crowds of sightseers, to view not only its large and varied collection of attractions, but also a wonderful exhibition of Anglo-German Industries and Arts. The choice of such a site for this exhibition is undeniably wise. The Crystal Palace, as most of the general public are aware, was built owing to the untiring energies of the Prince Consort for the great exhibition of 1851 held in Hyde Park. The promotors therefore felt that no better site could be selected than that which owed so much to a great German Prince. The Exhibition will be held from May to October inclusive.

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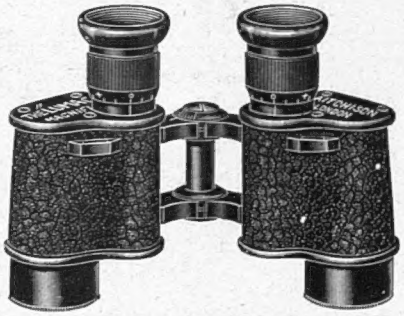

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